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# THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE

VOL IV No 96

Dec 12, 1883.



## LEADING FEATURES.

"The Princess and its Author." By Helen Campbell. Illustrated.

"Tenants of An Old Farm." By H. C. McCook. Illustrated.

"Once There Was a Man." By R. H. Newell (Orpheus C. Kerr). Illus'd.



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2. A Christmas Story. By **ALBION W. TOURGÉE**.
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# THE CONTINENT

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Vol. IV. No. 24.

Whole No. 96.



"FROM HILLS THAT LOOKED ACROSS A LAND OF HOPE  
WE DROPT WITH EVENING ON A RUSTIC TOWN."

## "THE PRINCESS" AND ITS AUTHOR.

Now and then, as one turns over the pages of certain favorite modern poets, there is a momentary sadness in the thought that too soon they must be numbered with the masters who have passed over to the ancients. Each generation recalls names whose power and influence it would seem impossible to replace, and already we are scanning the field closely for any true and worthy successor to the list of English poets, both in America and in the old home in which our life as a people began. As the ranks thin, we dwell more and more tenderly on every detail of their daily life, no matter in what phase, and thus there is a partial justification for certain books upon our living poets which seem to anticipate too closely the end that we all pray may tarry long in the coming.

The most dauntless and determined investigators would find it difficult to compile a volume from any material thus far afforded the public by the poet, one of whose most distinctive poems has just received a setting fully worthy both author and work.\* No literary man of the day has guarded his personality with such jealous care. Even his nearest friends see him only at intervals. It is only as poet, therefore—

never as man—that he impresses his public, and though photographs and engraved portraits long ago made his face familiar, each owner thinks, as he studies the wonderfully poetical head and face, rather of his own special favorite among the poems than of any personal characteristic of the writer. With the approach of his seventieth birthday in 1879—and how few of us realize that the poet is actually an old man—an attempt was made here and there to give a biographical sketch, but it ended in most cases as bibliographical merely. An article by the Rev. Julius H. Ward, in *The Atlantic* for September, 1879, under the title of "A Tennysonian Retrospect," gave the best summary then made, drawing upon Howitt, however, for any hint of the early life; but details seem confined almost altogether to the period before 1850, and for years only the most intimate and trusted friends have been admitted to the home whose doors are persistently closed to the crowd who press upon them even in the secluded spot in which his later life has passed.

Of the seven brothers of whom Alfred Tennyson was the third, every one, it is said, wrote poetry of more or less merit—that of Charles Tennyson having attracted widest attention next to that of the more famous

\* THE PRINCESS. A Medley. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated. Square 8vo, pp. 223, \$6.00; James R. Osgood & Co.

brother. The father, Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, was a man of varied gifts, and though much of his life passed as the rector of Somersby, a mere hamlet of not over a hundred inhabitants, he was, as Dr. Ward writes, "something of a poet, painter, architect and musician, and also a considerable linguist and mathematician."

Alfred and Charles were, like the other sons, prepared for school by several years of home training, both father and mother believing in home education. In 1827, when Alfred, who was then eighteen years old, was with his brother Charles at the Louth Grammar School, they prepared a small volume containing altogether one hundred and two poems, selected from the mass written since the age of fifteen, giving it the title of "Poems by Two Brothers." It was published at Louth, and the bookseller of the town gave them ten pounds. Hardly one has been included in any later collection. The work was crude and boyish, though abundant in promise. Foot notes weighed every poem, and each had its Greek or Latin quotation, and its tincture of the Byronic influence then at its height.

In 1829, after the brothers had matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, began the friendship with Arthur Henry Hallam, whose memory was afterward, in "In Memoriam," to receive the noblest monument a friend's hand ever raised. "Timbuctoo" was the unmanageable subject of the prize poem for that year, and "Tennyson won the medal, though the story goes that the prize fell to him by a blunder, a mark intended to express wonder being taken to denote approval."

Evidently wonder was the general attitude of mind, for Thackeray, then in the same college and editing a little satirical paper called *The Snob*, at once wrote a burlesque of the poem which found more appreciative handling from other sources. John Sterling and Frederick Dennison Maurice, who had left the University just before the Tennyson brothers entered, were of the same mind as regarded the prize poem, and wrote of it in *The Athenæum*, with which they were then connected, "We have never before seen one of these prize poems which indicated really first-rate poetical genius, and which would have done honor to any man that ever wrote. Such, we do not hesitate to affirm, is the little work before us."

Such appreciation undoubtedly helped to cement the friendship with both writers, which became only more steadfast with every year of its continuance. Tennyson's life at this time gave no hint of the love of seclusion and capacity for doing without all social stimulus

which has since distinguished it. He joined freely in college jollities, studied earnestly, but never beyond reasonable limits, and gave much time to his chosen companions, who were "John Mitchell Kemble, well known for his Anglo-Saxon researches; the late Charles

Buller, to whom Carlyle was once tutor; Richard Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton; Richard Chenevix Trench, the present Archbishop of Dublin; James Spedding, the biographer of Bacon; the late Dean Alford, of Canterbury; the late Rev. William Henry Brookfield, in whose memory Tennyson has written a touching sonnet; and Charles Merivale, Dean of Ely and the historian of the Roman Empire."

All these friends believed firmly in the genius of the young poet, though Charles was considered by some to show promise of deeper work than Alfred, and their judgment of both was echoed by a small but appreciative public, on the appearance of a small volume from each, the poems of



"SHE ROSE UPON A WIND OF PROPHECY.  
DILATING ON THE FUTURE."

Alfred being published in London, and those of Charles at Cambridge, in 1830. Leigh Hunt reviewed both volumes cordially, having a warm heart for all promising beginners, and every friend who had any connection with periodicals hastened to affirm the verdict. In the "Remains of Arthur Henry Hallam" a portion of his review of the poems is given, and the final paragraph holds a summary of the poet's power and possibilities, so true and nice in discrimination as to anticipate the verdict which many years later confirmed this early faith: "We have remarked five distinctive excellences of his own manner. First, his luxuriance of imagination and at the same time his control over it. Secondly, his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character, with such extreme accuracy of adjustment, that the circumstances of the narration seem to have a natural correspondence with the predominant feeling, and, as it were, to be evolved from it by assimilative force. Thirdly, his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects, and the peculiar skill with which he holds all of them fused, to borrow a metaphor from science, in a medium of strong emotion. Fourthly, the variety of his lyrical measures, and exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed. Fifthly, the elevated habits of thought implied in these compositions, and imparting a mellow soberness of tone more impressive to our minds than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse and sought to instruct the understanding rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart."

Christopher North objected to them strenuously, pro-

nouncing Alfred "the pet of Cockneyism," and insisting that he was merely the pet of injudicious friends. That his criticism struck home may be inferred from the fact that in the next volume, published in 1833, the poet retorted in kind:

"You did late review my lays,  
Crusty Christopher;  
You did mingle blame with praise,  
Rusty Christopher.  
When I learnt from whom it came,  
I forgave you all the blame,  
Musty Christopher;  
I could not forgive the praise,  
Fusty Christopher."

It was of the work in this second volume, which contained "Enone," "The Palace of Art," "The Lotus-eaters," and several other long-established favorites, among them "The Miller's Daughter," which is said to have made the author poet-laureate, that Coleridge wrote: "What I would with many wishes of success prescribe to Tennyson—indeed, without it he can never be a poet in art—is to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two well-known and strictly-defined metres, such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or the octosyllabic measure of the Allegro and Penseroso. . . . As it is, I can scarcely scan his verses."

It was in this year that Hallam, who had been traveling on the Continent for his health, died, and whether from this cause, or because the younger poet had heeded Coleridge's warning, there were ten silent years, in which, practically, nothing was published. Tennyson had gone to London, living part of the time at Little Holland House, Kensington, part of it at Twickenham. He was an inveterate smoker, and gave much time to the Anonymous, afterward the Sterling Club, meeting constantly many of his old college companions, and adding to his circle, among other names, John Stuart Mill, William Ewart Gladstone, Thomas Carlyle, John Forster, Walter Savage Landor, and Macready, the actor. Many changes, chiefly mental ones, came to the poet in these ten years, in which he was ranked sometimes



"THE CREATURE LAID ITS MUZZLE ON YOUR LAP,  
AND SOBBED—"

among the host of those who had failed to fulfill the promise of their youth. Yet he was then thinking over and planning portions of "In Memoriam," "The Princess," "The Idyls of the King" and "Maud."

Judging his early work more sharply than his severest critics, he studied methods of form and expression, revising and re-revising, till his keen critical sense was content to leave the work perfected to its utmost point. When 1842 opened, the results were to be seen in two volumes, on the title-page of which was to be read simply: "Poems. By Alfred Tennyson. In Two Volumes. London: Edward Moxon, Dover Street. 1842." In the first volume a few selections from the volume of 1830 were given; perhaps a dozen from that of 1832, these latter re-written entirely, and a few new pieces. The second contained his later work. Four editions were called for at once; in the fifth the poems were incorporated into one volume, and 1853 saw an eighth edition for England and a first for America, Ticknor & Fields having given them to a public which welcomed him as eagerly as his nearer one. Already Wordsworth, in 1845, had written of him as "*decidedly the first of our living poets*," and in this country Lowell and Emerson united in much the same verdict, the latter saying, "Tennyson is endowed precisely in points where Wordsworth wanted. There is no finer ear, or more command of the keys of language."

Evidently the love of solitude was gaining upon him, for even in 1847, while he still lived at Twickenham, Pope's country seat, William Howitt wrote of him: "It is very possible you may come across him



"WHEN DAMES AND HEROINES OF THE GOLDEN YEAR  
SHALL STRIP A HUNDRED HOLLOW'S BARE OF SPRING."



in a country inn, with a foot on each hob of the fireplace, a volume of Greek in one hand, his meerschaum in the other, so far advanced toward the seventh heaven that he would not thank you to call him back into this nether world."

Sought in every quarter, he retreated as often as possible. With his friends he was unchanged, and Charles Knight, who met him at John Forster's, wrote: "In familiar intercourse, such as that of Mr. Forster's table, Mr. Tennyson was cordial and unaffected, exhibiting, as in his writings, the simplicity of a manly character, and, feeling safe from his chief aversion, the *digito monstrari*, was quite at his ease."

It was at this time that he was attacked by Bulwer, with a bitterness which he lived to regret. Tennyson's first reply was equally bitter, but he quieted and ended the poetical debate with the lines in *Punch*, the columns of which had held the whole:

"And I, too, talk and love the touch  
I talk of. Surely, after all,  
The noblest answer unto such  
Is kindly silence when they bawl."

Silence had become easier in the new and absorbing interests that now filled his mind, for 1850 saw his marriage and final settling in the Isle of Wight, where for more than thirty years he has determinedly held himself in seclusion, educating his sons after his own mind, and seeming indifferent to any life save that of the country gentleman on his own acres. In 1867 a writer in *Hours at Home* described his house, which has since become tolerably familiar through photographs. "Vines clamber all up in front of the three-story house, giving it an antique and ancestral look, as if it had a history to tell of good cheer in by-gone days, and of an unspent, well-to-do thriftiness still. One hundred and forty acres of rich, productive land, divided by hedge, planted with trees of large growth, and running up over the back of the promontory, belong to the place



"A ROSY BLONDE, AND IN A COLLEGE GOWN  
THAT CLAD HER LIKE AN APRIL DAFFODILLY."

and constitute a handsome property, valued at seventy thousand dollars. Upon the highest part the cliff sinks away perpendicularly for some five hundred feet to the water. Caves have been eaten into this chalky mass by the ceaseless gnawing of the sea. These caves give shelter to flocks of birds that sail in and out and keep a lively chatter among themselves. Upon this high brim, breezy and solitary, except when paced by the coast-guard watching for smugglers, Mr. Tennyson delights to rove after nightfall. Reserved and shy of strangers, averse to those visits from which even his withdrawal to one of the most inaccessible spots in England for the purpose of seclusion cannot wholly exempt him, his dislike to such intrusive calls is so well known in the neighborhood, and so marked to those whose curiosity overmasters a just regard for his wishes, that no one who appreciates and values the rights of others to the possession of their own time, can with any propriety insist on thrusting himself, even by a letter of introduction."

"The Princess" appeared in 1847, three years before his marriage, the five successive editions being altered and retouched, till the last bears but faint resemblance to the first. It is significant of what his own married life has shown to him of the nature of women, that



"DOWN THRO' THE PARK."





"TELL US," FLORIAN ASKED,  
'HOW GREW THIS FEUD BETWEEN THE RIGHT AND LEFT?'"

the poem, begun almost as an extravaganza—a screed against woman's rights—has gradually altered, till now it stands as one of the noblest exponents of womanhood. Its earliest reviewers, save in one or two instances, failed utterly to catch the real spirit underlying the sportive method, and the poet was supposed to have received a final condemnation from the *Edinburgh Review*, which, even in 1855, when the poem had received its last touches, wrote:

"The subject of 'The Princess,' so far from being great in a poetical point of view, is partly even of transitory interest. . . . This piece, though full of meanings of abiding value, is ostensibly a brilliant serio-comic *jeu d'esprit* upon the noise about 'women's rights,' which even now ceases to make itself heard anywhere but in the refuge of exploded European absurdities beyond the Atlantic. A carefully elaborated construction, a 'wholeness,' arising out of distinct and well-contrasted parts, which is another condition of a great poem, would have been worse than thrown away on such a subject. . . . In reading the poem, the mind is palled and wearied with wasted splendor and beauty."

Later, a critic, as sympathetic as Mr. Wace in his "Study of the Life and Works of Tennyson," found nothing better to say of "The Princess" than words almost as Philistine in their character as those of the somewhat obtuse Edinburgh reviewer. "Although 'The Princess' was admittedly brilliant, it was thought scarcely worthy of the author. The abundant grace, descriptive beauty and human sentiment were evident. But the medley was thought

somewhat incongruous, and the main web of the tale too weak to sustain the embroidery raised upon it. D. M. Moir, the amiable 'Delta' of *Blackwood's Magazine*, says: 'Its beauties and faults are so inextricably interwoven, and the latter are so glaring and many—nay, often apparently so willful—that as a sincere admirer of Tennyson I could almost wish the poem had remained unwritten. I admit the excellences of particular passages, but it has neither general harmony of design nor sustained merit of execution.'" A verdict more favorable, but somewhat in the same strain, may be said to be that now generally accepted.

Even Kingsley, who was one of the few to recognize the real power of the poem, mourned over "a metrical license, of which we are often tempted to wish that its author had not availed himself," and it remained for America to declare the form he had chosen one of the highest charms of a poem which was at once hailed with all the warmth which has for years welcomed every line from the pen which has never written an unworthy one.

The poem is too familiar to need slightest description. In fact, its absorption, as it were, into the life and thought of the generation which received it, has made reference to it almost irksome. The love-stories for years in the popular magazines, held always at least one quotation from it, and every second and third-rate novel put page after page of it into the mouth of hero or heroine. No ordeal could have been more scorching. Its deepest and tenderest words were vulgarized in their association with inferior thought, till one was tempted to adopt the lines in "Locksley Hall" and cry:

"Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day,  
What is fine within thee, growing coarse to sympathize with  
clay."

Having reached the point attained by certain quota-



"OH, SWALLOW, FLYING FROM THE GOLDEN WOODS,  
FLY TO HER!"

tions from "Pinafore," when mere mention became an outrage, and is even said to have endangered personal safety, the natural reaction set in, and the poem gradually returned to its correct position, from which it is never likely again to be dislodged. That it is the



"AND INWARD RACED THE SCOUTS  
WITH RUMORS OF PRINCE ARAC HARD AT HAND."

greatest no one will pretend to claim, but it is certainly one of the most important, defining, as it does, Tennyson's view of the true position of women in society, and holding, in the midst of certain exaggerations and inadequacies, a portrait of one of the noblest women poet has ever created. Studies of women fill many of his earlier poems. "His devotion to woman is not the lip-service of Moore and Byron, or of the amorous school of recent poetry, but it is a real service and a reverence such as that of a Galahad, moving on a far higher plane of thought and feeling."

The public accepted it long before the critics had determined how far it was wise to admit its claim. To many of them the simplicity of Tennyson seemed weakness, precisely as it had seemed with Wordsworth, whose persistent labor had sown the seed of which the younger poet reaped the instant benefit. Few could see in "The Princess" anything beyond a jesting onslaught on an exploded *ism*, or realize that even in its most limited range, the key-note of the "woman question" had been struck. That it should be sounded precisely as it was, was the necessity of Tennyson's temperament and brain, defined by Robert Buchanan in a brilliant analysis of both:

"Sir Walter Raleigh was an English

gentleman. The Earl of Surrey was another. Sir Thomas More, John Milton, George Herbert, were English gentlemen—all men with refined and quiet manners covering a more or less tremendous stock of reserve strength. What these men were, and what the true English gentleman ever has been, is Tennyson as a poet. He is above all devices and tricks, just as he is above all indecencies. He despises nothing that is noble in culture, not even that red rag of young John Bull's—the domestic idea. He loves beauty, both of form and color. . . . His curiously calm manner looks like affectation to some, who think that a swagger would be more natural. His is a gloved hand; but put your hand in it, and you are imprisoned as in a vise. . . . He has the rarest of all courage—the courage to be reverent. For all of these qualities, and for the mighty quality of genius super-added, the British nation loves him; and the British nation is right."

It is the fashion to say that long seclusion has shut him out from knowledge of character, and that his personages are pictures and not realities. But "The Princess" was written while he was still in the world, and his experience of men and women a near and vital one. As one revision after another was made, it was



"SWEET DREAM, BE PERFECT—I SHALL DIE TO-NIGHT;  
STOOP DOWN AND SEEM TO KISS ME, ERE I DIE."



"O SWALLOW, SWALLOW, FLYING SOUTH,  
FLY TO HER."

easy to trace his deepening culture and his deepening spirituality of thought. Of his inward life we know only what his poems allow one to infer, but other experiences than the loss of a beloved friend have surely given the power of comprehension, filling all later work and altering the whole character of his first thought of "The Princess." Following every phase of scientific thought, he has accomplished the prophecy made by Wordsworth half a century ago. The older poet felt the approaching change. In the preface to the second edition of his poems, in which his keen and lofty intellect defined the poet's mission, he wrote words that go far toward determining the place he himself must always hold:

"The objects of the poet's thoughts are everywhere; though the eyes and senses of men are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wheresoever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is immortal as the heart of man. If the labors of the men of science should ever create any material revolution, direct or indirect, in our condition, and in the impressions which we habitually receive, the poet will sleep then no more than at present; he will be ready to follow the footsteps of the man of science, not only in those general indirect effects, but he will be at his side, carrying sensation into the midst of the

objects of the science itself. The remotest discoveries of the chemist, the botanist, or mineralogist will be as proper objects of the poet's art as any upon which it can be employed, if the time should ever come when these things shall be familiar to us, and the relations under which they are contemplated by the followers of the respective sciences shall be manifestly and palpably material to us as enjoying and suffering beings. If the time should ever come when what is now called science, thus familiarized to men, shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man."

Such theory must have been the foundation of much of Tennyson's art, which has from the beginning been moulded by the thought of the time, though always in advance of it.

That the "woman question" finds solution only upon one side does not mar the beauty and unity of his conception of woman. The songs introduced in the second edition of the poem are unsurpassed in the lyrical work of the century, or indeed of any century. Everywhere are evidences of the prophetic insight which sets the poet always in advance of his time. The theory of evolution was outlined before Darwin had yet spoken, and the Princess hints at the latest discoveries of the spectroscope when she calls the sun "a nebulous star." And underneath all play of fancy or suggestion for thought lies the faith and hope which had fullest expression in the "In Memoriam." It is a faith found in all his work, and which makes him forever "the poet of a progressive age." There may be other words to come on the questions underlying "The Princess." But if none are spoken—if the answer has been only partial, and the truest friends of women feel a certain slur in this very fact, it is still true that for the majority of womankind his solution is the real one. For maid or matron the ideal of womanhood he gives is noble and inspiring, and she who follows it even afar off likely to answer her own questions in her own life. "Things seen are mightier than things heard."

Knowledge is partial, wisdom the full sphere, and wisdom comes only in the life of love. Tongues shall cease and knowledge vanish away, but love, known best to the soul of woman, abideth forever.

HELEN CAMPBELL.





## TENANTS OF AN OLD FARM.

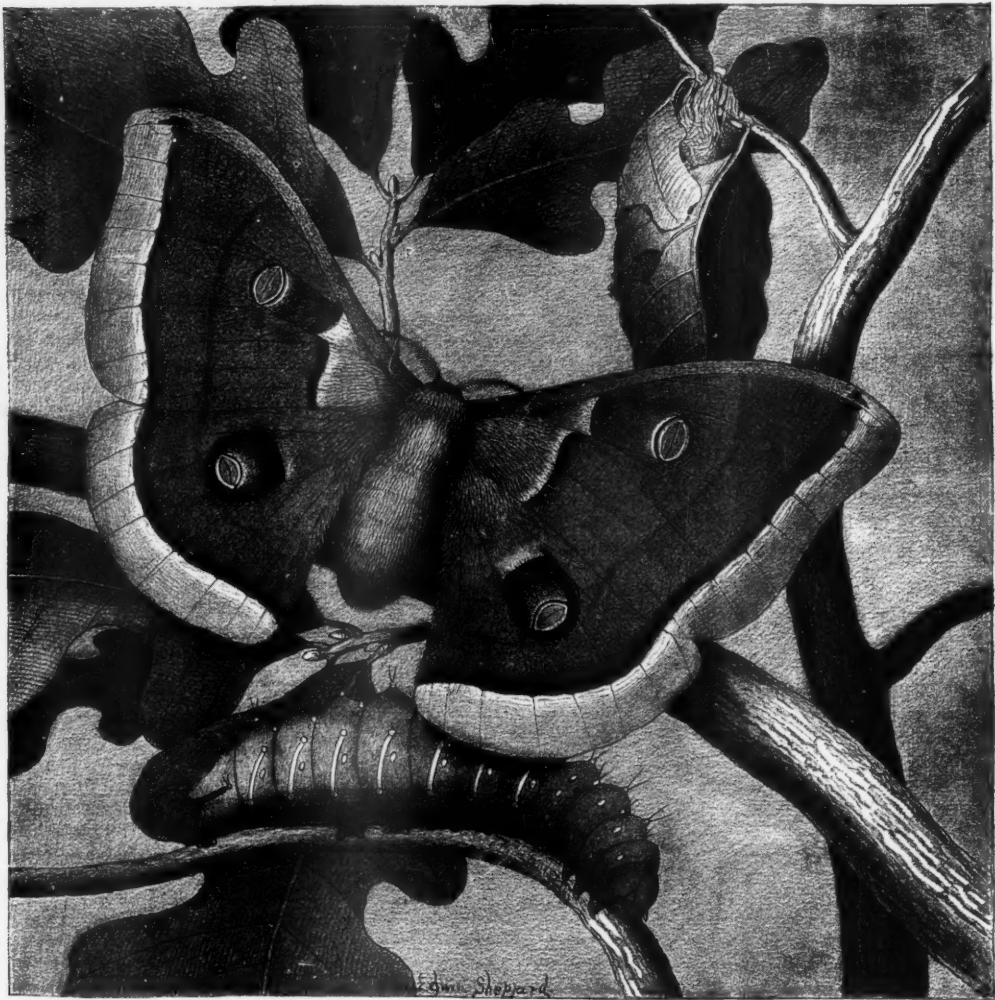
BY HENRY C. MCCOOK.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### WINTER TENANTS OF OUR TREES.

THE stream at this point entered the edge of the wood, cutting its way through by a glen or ravine, on one side of which the land rose gradually, on the other rather

butterflies—in abundance. Let us search these young oak trees. I dare say we shall see something interesting." I had already caught a view of several of the objects for which we were now looking—the winter tenants of our trees—but waited for my companion to



FEMALE LARVA AND COCOON OF POLYPHEMUS MOTH. (13)

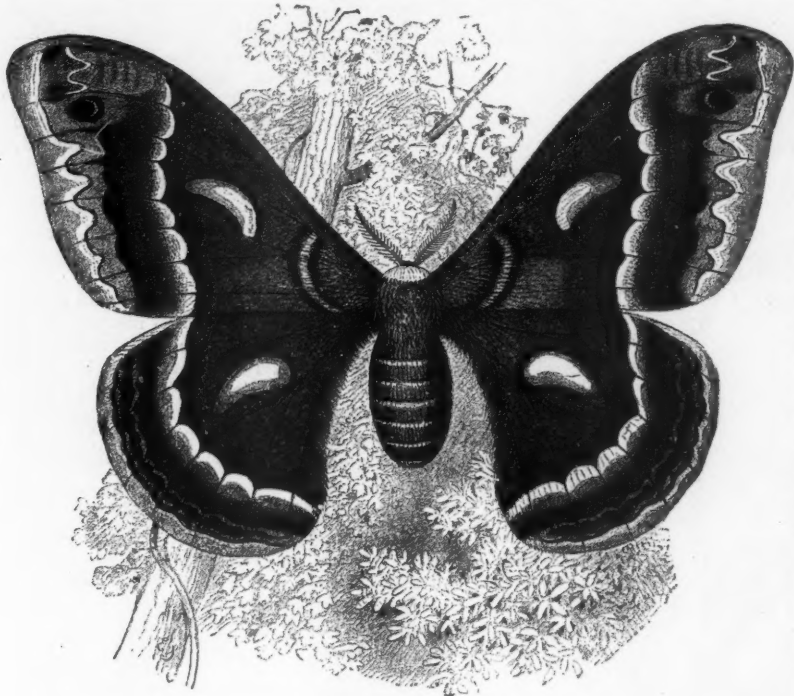
abruptly. Both sides were covered with bushes and a young growth of trees, whose branches spread above the run, forming in summer time a dense shade, within which and the shadow of the rocks that jutted into the stream grew numbers of tall ferns.

"On the skirts of this wood," I said, "we should find cocoons and crysalids of the Lepidoptera—moths and

observe for herself. There is a special pleasure in the consciousness of original discovery, and a sense of personal proprietorship which adds much to the interest with which the mind regards things. One's own findings are, therefore, the most fruitful in thought, and the best texts for instruction. I had not long to wait; Abby's mind was quite intent upon the search, and soon

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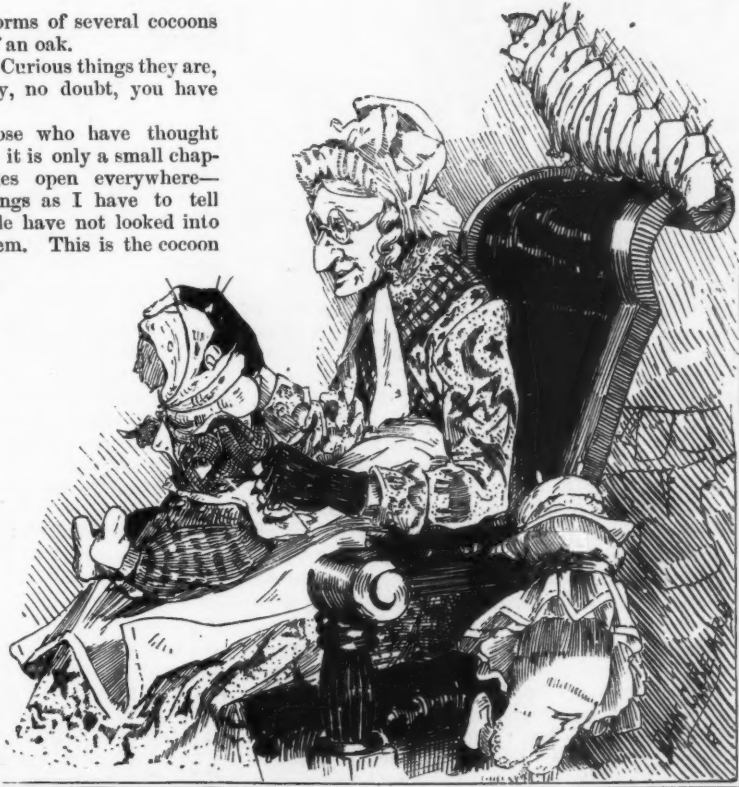
CECROPIA MOTH. (14)

her keen eyes discerned the forms of several cocoons pendent among the branches of an oak.

"I have them!" she cried. "Curious things they are, to be sure, and a curious story, no doubt, you have to tell about them."

"Curious, certainly, to those who have thought little of such things; and yet it is only a small chapter of a great book that lies open everywhere—open, but unread. Such things as I have to tell are curious only because people have not looked into the commonest facts around them. This is the cocoon of the Polyphemus moth.

You observe how snugly the leaves have been tucked around it. Tear them away and there appears a yellowish, oval, silken case, inside of which the pupa is stowed. The thread of which this cocoon is spun is continuous, and easily unwound like that of the ordinary silk moth, *Bombyx mori*. It has a rich gloss, and high hopes have been entertained that it could find extensive use in commerce. A New England gentleman succeeded in rearing the insects in large numbers, so as to obtain wagon loads of cocoons. His 'plant' presented a truly animated appearance, with not less than a million worms feeding in the open air on bushes covered with a net."



DAME NATURE PREPARING YOUNG "POLY" FOR A BATH. (15)

"A sight more attractive to the entomologist, or silk-grower, I should think, than to the general public," remarked Abby.

"Very likely, but I have observed that a dollar discerned in the distance has a wonderful effect in brightening even a vista of caterpillars. Prospect of cash converts unreasonable sensibilities quite as quickly as a naturalist's enthusiasm. However, the general public has a deep interest in everything relating to silk culture, for although it may be a 'disgusting' fact to some minds, yet it is a fact that we owe our most beautiful habiliments to the labor, pains, and eventually the sacrificed life of the despised silk-worm. The larva of our Polyphemus moth is thick, fleshy, striped obliquely with white on the sides, with angulated segments or 'joints,' on which are tubercles surmounted by



CLUSTER OF CYNTHIA COCOONS. (16)

a few soft hairs. They are hatched about the close of June from eggs laid singly by the mother moth on the under sides of leaves. Ten or twelve days intervene between the deposit of the eggs and the hatching of the larva.

"Then begins the feeding, which is not a simple eating, but a storing of food that must sustain nature during the long winter sleep, and in some cases, as with *Cecropia*, for example, during the life of the perfect insect when it has transformed. Not only that, but it must take in enough to supply the curious natural workshop within it with the crude material from which comes the silken fibre that furnishes its winter home. Those are busy days, therefore, for the young worm during the long summer.

"But it has periods of rest from its voracious eating. Late in the afternoon of a summer day, if you would peep among the leafy barricades of these oak-boughs, you might see our worm undergoing the tedious process of shedding its old clothes, or moulting. As the grub grows, the outer skin tightens and hardens; since it cannot yield, and as the creature must grow while it eats, the only thing to be done is to get rid of the impediment.

Therefore Dame Nature, like a careful nurse, strips the young *Polyphemus* and puts it aside to rest awhile.

"Something analogous occurs to the human intellect from time to time, although 'Bourbons' and 'old fogies' are said to be exempt from the process of moulting. On the other hand, there are some men who have such marvelous facility at making an intellectual moult, that one hardly knows where to find them on great questions.

"Our *Polyphemus* grub is content with five moults, ten days intervening between the first four, and twenty between the last two. During the intervals it resumes the serious duty of life—eating."

"How many leaves can one larva eat?" asked Abby.

"It seems to me you must exaggerate its voracity, or its ravages would be more noticeable. Surely, the little creature within this case couldn't have been very formidable as a gourmand."



PUPA OF POLYPHEMUS. (17)



PUPA OF BUTTERFLY-VANESSA. (18)

"Have you ever observed one at its meals? No? Well, then, you have something yet to learn as to the proportions of a healthy appetite. The hungry 'small boy' is hardly to be named for gastronomic practice beside our *Polyphemus*. Mr. Trouvelot, a Massachusetts observer, has determined that a grub fifty-six days old has attained 4140 times its original weight, a progress in avoirdupois which implies a corresponding vigor in table-fare. Or, to put it in another way, a full-grown larva has consumed not less than one hundred and twenty oak-leaves, weighing three-fourths of a pound, besides the water which it has drunk. Thus the food which it has taken in fifty-six days equals in weight *eighty-six thousand times* the primitive weight of the worm! You may imagine the destruction of leaves which this single species of insect could make if only a hundredth part of the eggs came to maturity. A few years would suffice for the propagation of a number large enough to devour all the leaves of our forests."

"But you have not told me yet how the caterpillar eats itself within this cocoon. I feel very much as the somewhat under-wise and stuttering King of England, George II, is said to have felt when he first saw an apple-dumpling. 'P-p-pray, wh-wh-where, where got the apple in?' How got the pupa inside this case?"

"You understand, of course," I replied, "that this hard and apparently lifeless object (Fig. 17) which we call a pupa, did nothing to inclose itself. The larva 'got' itself 'in' and then became a pupa. A few days before, it had been seized by a strange restlessness; it wandered about uneasily; it refused to eat. What vision of its coming change had Nature given the worm? I believe human beings also are sometimes impressed in

some such way before great crises. I have myself experienced, on the approach of such occasions, those undefinable, restless sensations which the moth larva *seems* to exhibit. Its first step toward forming a cocoon, after a site had been chosen, was to wrap the stem, as you see here, and lash it to the twig above. Then, sinking to this point, it gradually drew around it the adjacent leaves, making a tiny arbor or cell, which you observe is the framework of its cocoon. Within this it began to spin, drawing its silken threads from point to point as it moved around the cell. Layer succeeded layer, each overlapping its predecessor, until the grub was quite shut in, and, finally, this silken case was completed. It then ceased work, and, yielding to the strange drowsy spell which Nature casts upon its kind, it fell into this pupal state, wherein it will remain until late in May or early June next, when it will emerge as a perfect insect."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Abby; "it is an 'oft-told tale,' but it seems more wonderful to me to-day than ever before. Of course, it is a ridiculous fancy; but do you know I can't help wondering if the moth knows itself when it emerges? I mean, does it have any recollection of its larval and pupal estate? What do you think? It's a foolish notion, I dare say!"

"Not at all; others have had the same thought. But who can say? Perhaps when we have passed through some such transformation, we may have more light on this and other of Nature's mysteries; but until then we must be content to guess at the possible experience of a moth. All we can say is that the mother insect always comes to the tree, whether oak or maple, on which it was reared as a larva, to deposit her eggs. Possibly the ghost of a faint impression of the acrid flavor of oak-leaf may haunt the pairs of nervous ganglia that serve for brains in a Polyphemus, and so may urge the creature to haunt its larval resorts? One would think, however, that all sense of its old personality had been buried and left in this pupal sarcophagus. But then, again, who knows? We might as well call the mental processes of both grub and imago *instinct*, and pass on."

"I have another question," said the schoolma'am. "You see I am moved by my ancestral traditions, if the moth is not, and ask questions like a genuine Yankee. Where are the spinning organs of the larva?

The spider has hers, I know, at the apex of the abdomen, in several little mammals or spinnets. How is it with the caterpillar?"

"The position of the spinning organs is precisely reversed in the silk-worm. The silk glands consist of two long, flexuous, thick-walled sacs situated on the sides of the body, and opening by a common orifice on the under-lip, or labium, usually at the end of a short tubular protuberance. They are most developed just



THE SPARROWS' SPARRING MATCH. (19)

when they are most needed—when the larva approaches the pupa state. And now, suppose we dismiss our Polyphemus and turn to others quite as—"

"There, excuse me; you have reminded me of something I wanted to ask. Why is this moth called 'Polyphemus'? Is it such a horrible one-eyed ogre as the giant who handled so roughly the great Ulysses and his companions?"

"I am afraid that I cannot fully satisfy you until we return to the house and show you a figure of the



insect—possibly not then—for scientific names are not always readily accounted for. But we shall have better opportunity, by-and-by, as we walk homeward, to talk over this matter of scientific names. Meanwhile, let us examine these elder-bushes along the fence side. I hope to find an old friend—ah, there you have it, I see! It is the Cecropia moth—*Platysamia cecropia*. It has nearly the same habits as the Polyphemus; indeed, the story of that insect's life will stand with a few variations for all. Elder, willow and maple are the favorite food-trees of Cecropia—in our neighborhood, at least. Here is a clump of young spicewood trees, and yonder are some sassafras saplings. Let us examine these. What have you found?"

"Here is a cluster of seven or eight hanging near together! They are long, tapering cocoons, prettily rolled in leaves and bound to the twigs by beautifully wrapped silk. See, in this one the coil extends several inches up the stem and around the twig. What is the use of all this precaution? Wouldn't the insects come out on the ground quite as well? Indeed, I should think that it would be colder up there exposed to wind, rain, hail, snow and frost, than down among the dry grass and leaves."

"The question of temperature hasn't so much to do with the matter, I imagine; the pupæ stand an intense degree of cold, even those of the butterflies (Fig. 18) which are usually naked. These have been kept in an ice-house for two years, and when removed to a warm place came out all right. Cold and damp weather retards the process of transformation; but the cocoons do well enough on the ground where they fall, as many do; although, on the whole, I think they are better on the branches, certainly they are safe there from the trampling feet of cattle."

"Why should these cocoons be swung aloft in this fashion, instead of being tied directly to the limbs? Does the pensile condition give them any special protection?"

"That is partly, perhaps mainly, due to the peculiar character of an ailanthus leaf-stalk, which you can readily observe. (Fig. 16). Yet I can suggest one probable advantage. There is a cousin-german of these specimens—*Samia cynthia*—who usually builds upon the ailanthus tree. I have gathered a brood of twenty-three cocoons hanging upon a small branch. The ailanthus leaf, you know, falls early, and you may observe the cocoons (Fig. 16) pendent in clusters from the bare boughs of the trees along our city streets. I have seen the sparrows pecking at them, and was reminded of the days when I tried to gain health and muscle by a daily boxing match with a sand-bag hung in the back yard. Of course the bag swung away at every blow, only to come back again. I never had any damage from the sand-bag, which, I suppose, was the main point; but, on the other hand, the sand-bag never got any damage from me, simply because it wouldn't stay to get it. That was precisely the case with the ailanthus cocoons; they gave way before the bills of the mischievous, chattering sparrows, who



THE RAPE OF THE YARNS. (20)

could, therefore, make no impression on them. Those cocoons were even more carefully attached than these of the Prometheus; the twigs on which they hung being wrapped for ten and twelve inches from the stem, which was also carefully bound about with a quite decided ribbon of fine yellowish white silk. The leaves and leaf-stalk were tightly wrapped to the twig, and thus the whole was carefully suspended aloft, where they hang through the entire winter. Now, I do not know that the birds wished to tear open the cocoon for the sake of the contents, which would certainly not be an inviting morsel. But I have thought that, in early spring, at least, their motive may have been to get material for their nests.

"I have specimens of the nests of a Vireo taken in Fairmount Park, which are largely constructed of silk stolen from the cocoons and webs of spiders. One



may imagine the vigorous but unavailing protests of the despoiled spinster against the rape of her fair silken yarns, but what could she do against the thieving birds? Her stationary domicile and cocoon were far more exposed to the winged robbers than the oscillating house of the moth, pendent from the trees.

"But we have quite spent our hour afield. We will walk homeward through the ravine, and collect such specimens as we may on the way. I dare say we shall find enough material to supply a theme of conversation for a pleasant evening at home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Begun in No. 90.]

## ONCE THERE WAS A MAN.

BY R. H. NEWELL (ORPHEUS C. KERR.)

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### A CRISIS FOR OSHONSEE.

It is probably because the whole visible system of vital Change has underlying it the inseparable principle of Death, that the human imagination seizes so eagerly upon any suggestion of unchangeableness in Nature, to invest it at once with a grandeur and beatitude far surpassing every charm of things familiarly mutable. This it does from no power to conceive an absolute immutability of existence for anything earthly, but by a wild impulse of that instinctive recoil from thought of mortal dissolution which finds, at least, a lulling sophistry for the fancy, in whatever of the great world's exceptional aspects make less obvious to mortal senses the inexorable limitation of all earthly being. The profoundest sentiment of mankind for Ocean and Mountain is stirred by the seeming exemption of those mighty objects from Time's obliteration; the grandest rivers may run dry, but there is the Sea as it was at the Creation; earthquakes may rend continents, and even swallow hills, but the peak in the clouds towers yet as in the immemorial Beginning. Thus, in a manner, the common imagination worships the deadliest battle-field of the Tempest, the treacherous temple of the cruel Avalanche, for their superficial temporizing with its blind hunger for whatsoever seemeth not in itself to be passing away.

So, too, the idea of a perpetual verdure for wood and field fascinates untrusting fancy like a possibility of all that finite reason can realize of unending life. Though the actual voyager to climates without either Winter or Autumn, may describe ever so literally the savage desolation of Nature running rank with the fadeless vegetation untended by man, the average reader catches first therefrom the impression of a comparative immortality for objects of wordly growth, and is unconsciously influenced by its subtle charm to imagine an Eden unfaded by an Adam's fall.

The tendency to this instinctive idealization works strongly in a civilized man at his earliest experience of a forest in the Tropics. There, at last, he sees the wooded wilderness primeval, to which the ages have been but an unbroken summer, and all mundane history a noiseless gathering of life unto life. Centuries, coming and going, have witnessed only vaster complications of that illimitable embowerment of every massive and slender, graceful and fantastic form an imperishable vitality of columned brown and umbrageous green can take. No visible death, nor illustrated principle of it,

is there; for if trunk, or bough, or prodigious leaf, has ever fallen from weight of too much newly-crowding life, or from the energy of its own teeming roots to press forth fresher heads, or even by the hand of savage man—its shape was quickly lost in the luxuriantly-springing network of its own ever-bourgeoning parasites. Nature is there without her wonted symbol of the withering leaf; without the naked branch and snowy shroud of winter; and the unaccustomed human heart gives a great throb at the suggestion.

But the supernal spell is only for a moment; and then, while the mind struggles vainly to combat it, arises a sensation that is not fear, nor dislike, nor troubled admiration; but a mixture of all. As the bristling elf-locks of a savage, to the trained silken tresses of a Christian maid; as the dissonant chaos of a brain gone mad, to the harmonious beauty of a refined intellect; so is this elfishly-entangled, riotous luxuriance of Nature in her wilderness of endless summer, to that gentler, tenderly-humanized aspect of herself in which her orderly bridal glory of half the year is the lovelier to man for her Autumnal fading and Wintry semblance of his own decline.

A feeling of perturbed desolation steals over the spectator of a scene of neglected life that seems deathless because its God has left it. Nothing in all its choking wealth of vernal monstrosities and infinitudes of dim green recesses intimates familiar use or refuge for Man, save as, in spirit like the brute, he may crouch in its harsh jungle to strike down an unwary foe, or, in yet grosser brute-likeness, disport, a hideous, hairy parody, amongst the twining arches of the darkening leafy dome.

There is, distinctively, an effect of Unblessedness in such a spectacle, for him who strives in vain to find in it some sympathy with civilized humanity; and this was peculiarly realized by Doctor Hedland, while, on an afternoon in September, he stood some distance within a forest near the Malay village of Songi, grasping a gun with both hands, in recovery from the firing position.

Booted and bloused for the jungle; his great Panama hat pushed far back, and his countenance wearing an expression of mingled perplexity and irritation; the naturalist kept his gaze yet fixed upon a point in the lofty branches of some gigantic interlocking wild durion trees, at which, scarcely a moment before, his weapon had been leveled. Near him, stooping in the thicket, were his native servant, Kalong, and a Sibnowan Dyak in the bark turban and "chawat," or waist-cloth, of

his class; both armed with spears and staring intently upward, like their master. The latter's unexpected immobility continuing, Kalong finally looked toward him, and returned in a shrill whisper:

"Orang-outan, Tuan!"

Hedland's peculiar gaze dropped to the man's inquiring face for a moment; then, without aim, the gun was pointed aloft and instantly discharged. After a brief interval of intense silence the durion leaves above rattled and rustled, as from the slow movement of some heavy bird; a higher branch seemed to bend into them, and, in its recoil, brought into momentary full view a huge, hairy, frightfully man-like shape, hanging by one long arm. Though the movement had little appearance of haste, so smoothly swift was it, in reality, that only a glimpse was caught of the broad, dusky face, long, shaggy locks, and yellowish-red body, before the second arm had extended to an adjacent bough and the sinister figure vanished into another concealing height of dense foliage.

"The mias has escaped," remarked the Englishman, indifferently, handing his piece to the wondering servant. "You may carry the gun back to the house—you and that other man—and await me there."

Never before had these firm believers in the supernatural gifts of Pa Jenna's mighty Tuan witnessed a failure of that weapon to conquer its selected prey, and they obeyed the sententious command with a mute exchange of surprised looks.

Left to himself, the missing marksman threw one more glance toward the gloomy altitude where his sardonic game had so deliberately swung from cover to cover, and, as he pulled his broad hat down over his contracted brows, gave a slight stamp upon the matted sod.

"I can never shoot another of them while I live!" he muttered, almost with a groan. "Heaven only knows whether they are brutes or men!"

The aimless firing of his gun had not so much as brought down one twig or leaf from the tenacious perennial canopy; no cry, or flutter, of bird, nor ruffle of beast or serpent, had followed the echoing report. In such shadowy density of growth upon growth, branch lapping branch, and thick vines by the thousands of feet binding all together in one vast trellis, no winged or creeping creature of that Borneon wild, save butterfly and beetle, could be stirred by any petty human uproar to emerge from its hiding, between the morning and evening choruses of the forest. Only the grim "man-of-the-wood" made all hours his own, and even his startling guttural strivings of speech were not heard at noonday.

With elbows braced before him, the moody solitary of science strode into the jungle at a sharp angle to the path that had been taken by his attendants, and forced his way through thickets breast-high, and over fragments of fallen rock from the hills beyond, with the confidence and directness of one accustomed to the place. No long experience of this mode of travel, however, was necessary to bring him out, with scarcely an interval of lessened shade, into the full sunlight of an opening made by a crystal stream, whose either bank sloped far enough at that point from the divided forest to break a luminous gap in the arch of palms. This was the tortuous little Songi river, winding its stealthy way toward the Sadong, and one of the innumerable snake-like links between one deeper stream and another, whereby prahus, coming in from the sea, were enabled to reach the most secluded villages of the woods. Seating himself on a rock deeply-cushioned with minutely-

leaved parasites, Doctor Hedland drew a heavy breath, and, bending his chin to the support of meeting fingertips, gave way to sombre reverie.

"Unblessedness" was the only name he could give to the sensation so often oppressing him in these latter days. To the first exhilaration of pride in an assumed unparalleled scientific discovery, had succeeded a confusion of mental contradictions and moral uncertainties disordering a whole lifetime's intellectual balance. He apprehended that his spiritual, as well as reasoning, nature had lost all firm poise. The education of universities, and travel, and years of comprehensive observation, revolted from the conviction that a few months in these Borneon wildernesses had forced upon him; yet, despite every effort to be stubbornly skeptical, it was impressed upon his reason, beyond hope of evasion, that he had found awful living disproof of God's creation of Man in His own Image!

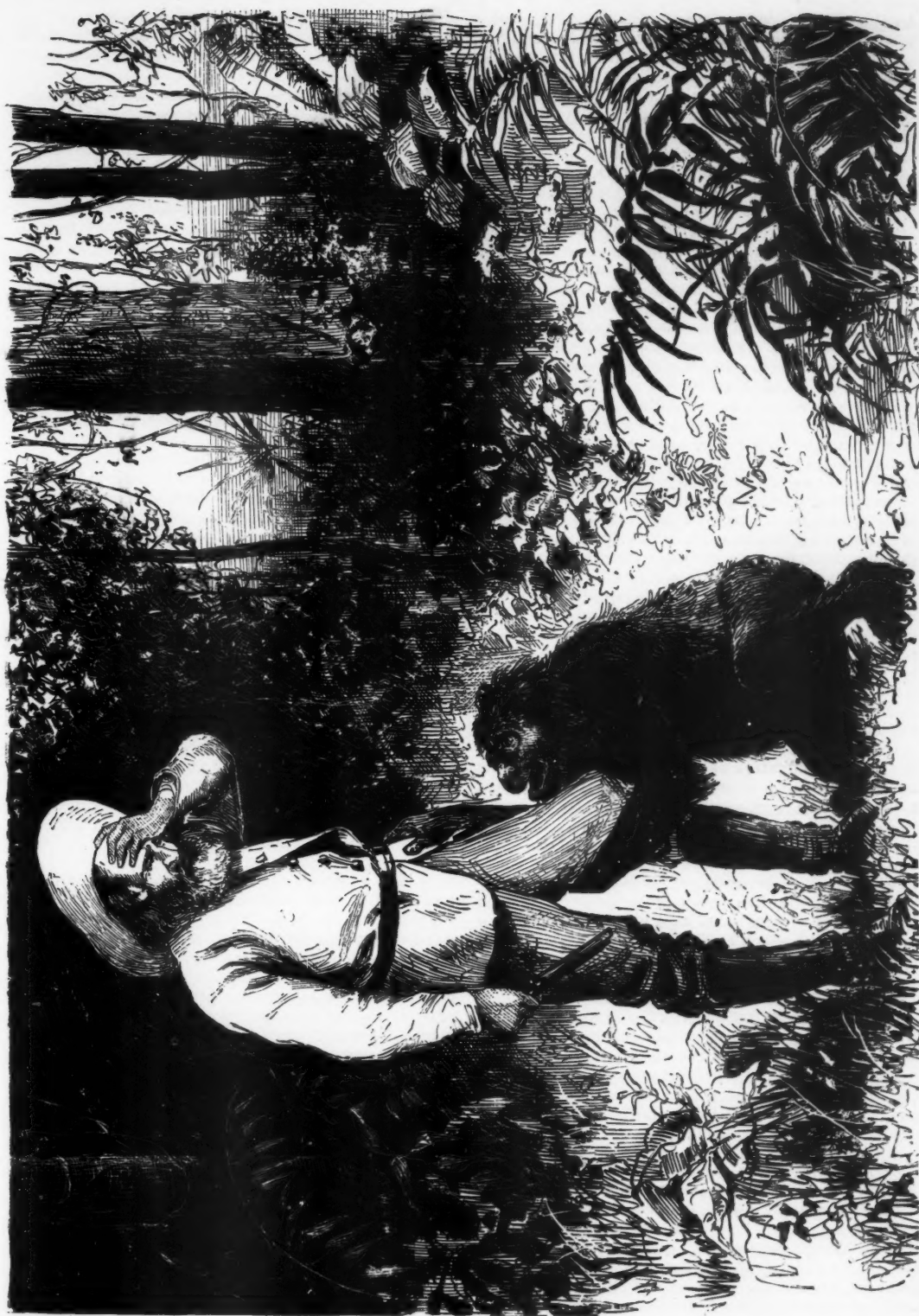
Was he not the first civilized finder of a creature at once brute and human, though of the same species with the mocking woodland monster that he had *not dared* to fire upon a while ago? Could he deny the testimony of his every intellectual faculty, that he now shrunk from the slaughter of a mias as from Murder, though before this, and in these very forests, he had ruthlessly brought many a man-of-the-woods groaning and bleeding to the ground?

What preposterousness, however, to deem murder a crime outside of social conventions; since, if mankind is really but a higher evolution of Apedom, the ape must logically be but an evolution from yet lower Brutedom—and that, perhaps, from inert matter: and to shoot a man having no conventional human relations, could be no more, in itself, a Sin, than the slaying of a bird. What, indeed, was Christian society, with its positive definitions of the things Man might and might not do without offending against man's God, but a supercilious conspiracy of intellectually-advanced apes, who assumed for themselves a special Divine creation, in order selfishly to protect their own interests while giving over to destruction the dumb progenitors of all themselves could ever be?

Was there really any philosophical truth in anything Human? Was not the whole moral system of distinctively Human life a vainglorious fiction; well enough for those who could win fortune and glory in it, but the very idiocy of needless and crownless crucifixion for him who suffered poverty and obscurity in sacrificing himself to its prescription, for the hope of something exceptional to all other animate creation after death?

Thus the unHINGED thoughts of this lonely sitter beside an Equatorial forest-stream went wandering on from one confusing, desolating speculation to another; enlarging disbelief without supplying positive faith for any new creed, and degrading the distracted thinker's manhood without elevating aught to help its redemption.

Evening was at hand when the naturalist aroused himself from this fit of gloomy abstraction, and, with arms folded and look cast down, paced slowly along the bank toward the cottage occupied by him while in that region. Soon after his settlement in Pa Jenna's village he had selected the Songi neighborhood as most eligible for his occasional excursions in pursuit of the native fauna chiefly attracting his interest, and caused a habitation of one room to be constructed there, for his use, on the bank between the river's confluence with the Sadong and an interval of the forest where the Malay town rested on stumps in a marsh. At this point recurred the swampy country of the mias, ex-



"LORD FORGIVE ME!" CAME IN HOARSE ACCENTS FROM THE WHITENED LIPS OF THE NATURALIST.



tending thence, northwestward, through the flat woods of the Simunjon and Sadong, to the seashore. Here, also, could be found the curious lemur, *tardigrampus*, called the "Cucan" by the natives; tiger-cats, squirrels, and even an occasional specimen of *Nasalis larvatus*, or great long-nosed monkey; the green and yellow flying tree-frog, and many magnificent varieties of butterfly, including a rarely beautiful one of the ornithopterous class, whose coat of black velvet has a collar of vivid crimson and wing-bands of brilliant green dots.

To journey to this region from the Sarāwak valley wholly by water,—instead of traveling partly by land, as the Effingham and Williamson party had done,—involved a circuitousness of route that would have been too lavish in time and distance for a man of business. But Doctor Hedland delighted in prahu-sailing beneath lofty roofs of leaves and branches, and had patience for as many tortuosities of way as led him by such weird channels. In a matting-cabined little craft managed only by Kalong, he was wont to make his excursions up the Sarāwak to the Morotaba; by the latter to the Sadong; and down that to the brook-like Songi.

As already intimated, his shelter during these visits was a cottage sequestered on the waterside; a square basket, as it were, of bamboo poles matted together by strips of the same giant reed, inclosed by a portico of similar poles and basketed railings; the steep roof of *Nypa* "ataps" hooding the whole. It stood a short distance back from the stream, where the prahu was moored, in the lighter shade of a clump of creeper-covered trees, with a short ladder of four steps between floor and ground; rude benches under the portico held the dead birds and small game awaiting Kalong's articulating, or embalming, treatment, and in the one chamber of the airy interior were a hammock, several inverted native "Tambok" baskets for chairs, a larger one for a table, and the guns, hampers, nets and butte-cards of the owner.

Into this structure the Doctor betook himself at the close of his meditative walk, and there Kalong and his assistant presently served him with a true hunter's meal of turtle's eggs, salt fish and tea. Listlessly tossing the Panama hat into a corner, and donning his spectacles, he mechanically availed himself of one of the improvised chairs and silently partook of the simple fare. This done, he motioned for the strange Dyak to remove the primitive table-appointments, and, upon the ultimate withdrawal of that assistant-servitor, addressed himself briefly to Kalong:

"Is Oshonsee yet in the durion?"

"Yes, Tuan. He has been there since mid-day."

"You have cleaned my gun and pistols?"

"Yes, Tuan; as you told me."

"Then you and your comrade may go up to Songi, and need not return until morning."

The civilized Dyak knew his master's positive ways too well to make any other response than a low salaam; and, gliding out of the room and house in noiseless obedience, was seen no more.

Assured that he was again alone, Doctor Hedland drew from a pocket the black skull-cap and put it on. A Judge about to pronounce sentence of death could not have performed this operation over a countenance more solemn. Next he took down, in succession, from pegs in the wattled wall, a double-barreled fowling-piece and a pair of heavy pistols, and carefully loaded them all. Returning the gun and one of the smaller weapons to their places, he held the remaining pistol closely to his eyes for a moment, then sharply cocked it and went hurriedly forth, carrying it, swinging, in

his right hand. A few steps from the portico brought him beneath a tall durion tree, whence, with pistol thrust behind him, he looked up into the dense mass of leafage far above.

A pale, dying light rested upon the whole scene. The coming-on of the wet monsoon made the sky hazy, so that sunset lost every tint in an obscuring film and left nature without a shadow. Silence no longer reigned, but in place thereof the cavernous forest-depths gave forth fitful rustles and dreary, wandering sounds, more isolating to human sensibilities than any blank of voiceless solitude could have been. Rasping chatters, hoarse single notes, distant screaming peals, crooning, clucking bursts, so abruptly sharp that they seemed to be in the jungle nearest at hand—came at irregular intervals from the encompassing wilderness. Only two strains of the inarticulate tumult had any steadiness of continuity or alternation; the resonant double gong-beat of a great, hawk-like species of pigeon, and the moaning howl of some creature of the lower monkey tribes. Now and then the dimming water-course splashed with the unseen plunge of aquatic nondescript.

"Oshonsee!" called his master.

At the summons there was a visible stir in the lofty durion's thickest spread of foliage, and then, with an unhurried swing from branch to trunk, by an arm, the docile ape began descending as a practiced human climber might have done. The sinewy nether limbs pressed only close enough upon the smooth scaly bark to give the knees firmness; the clasping arms tightened, or relaxed, in graduation of the whole movement, and Oshonsee came to the ground as lightly as though he had flown. Though wearing no clothing save a "chawat" at the waist, and showing his natural coat of dusky golden hair, he had yet a perplexing suggestiveness of humanity, as he stood there in man's upright attitude, that might well awaken something akin to fear in any civilized beholder. His face, on which the short, silky down was thin enough to reveal a light flesh beneath, had features of no essentially brutal cast, excepting only the straight mouth and heavy, protruding jaw, and the eyes, large and inquiring, glittered darkly beneath an upright semi-coronet of chestnut locks, open at the temples.

As the ape advanced toward him from the foot of the tree, treading confidently erect on the sod, Hedland involuntarily drew backward two or three steps, and pointed at the house with his disengaged hand. In customary prompt obedience Oshonsee turned in that direction and moved a step thitherward; but only to face again upon his inscrutable master with indescribable quickness and fall groveling, shivering and moaning at his feet. Instinct had warned the poor creature of his danger, and the change of position was accomplished with such celerity, that the pistol swiftly aimed at the back of his head exploded harmlessly above it. Crash upon crash of echoes came back from the grim woods around, with a momentary accession of every discordant voice from bough and jungle. The man dropped his smoking weapon, as though it had turned into a snake; and the ape, spasmodically clasping his ankles, pressed a hairy cheek piteously against his trembling knees.

"Lord forgive me!" came in hoarse accents from the whitened lips of the naturalist.

Presently he stooped to the crouching figure, and, having, by strong but gently exerted force, released his feet, patted the wailing creature's shoulder and finally lifted him to a sitting position.



"I was half mad, my poor—Heaven knows WHAT you are!" he muttered, caressing the now upturned hairy face as though it had been a child's. "Be you Brute or Man, it was the devil's own dastard prompting that I should murder you—poor, faithful wretch!—to escape the torments of a mind miserably craven to the truths you shame it with.—Up, now, brave fellow, and your durion feast shall be followed by a taste of arrack. Do you hear, Oshonsee?—arrack!"

This last word, at least, Oshonsee seemed to understand and find magically reassuring; for he leaped to his feet at the utterance, and advanced so rapidly to the cottage that the conscience-stricken Doctor was left many steps behind.

On the portico, now retaining but a faint light, a long blouse, like a gown, was put upon the ape, to protect him from the chillier air of evening; after which at his master's command he brought two pipes from the room, a tobacco pouch, the "besi-api," or fire-making tube, and the Panama hat. It was amongst his latest accomplishments to light and smoke a pipe, and when the naturalist had filled the two bowls this gentle monster struck fire for his own as well as the other, and retired with it, puffing, to a mat within the doorway. Then ensued a fulfillment of the "arrack" promise. Going also into the room, the unquestionably human member of the pair took down a case bottle of Javanese arrack from a hanging hamper, poured a small quantity of the liquor into a leathern cup, and placed the latter in an eagerly outstretched hand of the ape. No drunkard would have quaffed the gift with keener avidity; no words of acknowledgment could have been more bibulously appreciative than the chattering "O-shon-see! O-shon-see! O-shon-see!" of the squatting figure on the mat.

Taking no draught himself, nor speaking again, Doctor Hedland returned to the portico, smoking furiously, and began pacing forward and backward, there, in a condition of obvious nervous excitement. He wished to walk off the sensation of having awakened at some unrevealing hour of feverish dawn from a sick man's panting dream. He wanted to reconcile himself finally and unflinchingly to his inexorable duty as a faithful follower of fearless science, lead it to what it might. No cowardice be his, henceforth, at working to a decisive solution the awful problem involved in the nature of the phenomenal Living Thing he had that day been frenzied to murder.

Pipe in mouth, Oshonsee was a shape growing less and less distinct on the mat, though not an immediately motionless nor a silent one; with knees drawn nearly up to his chin, and long arms lapped around them, he swayed rockingly from side to side, crooning like a sleepy nurse whose lullaby has sunk into a mere tuneless trail of soothing sound. This went on until the extinguished pipe dropped to the floor, when, with an abrupt cessation of the crooning, the ape fell over on his side and was quite motionless.

When the night was black in a starless maturity, Hedland stopped suddenly in his weary tramp, at sight of a faintly luminous appearance down the river, where the narrow stream bent, in its sylvan course, around a little cape of palms and jungle, before entering upon its straighter and broader reach to the Sadong. The effect was like that of a fire concealed by the cape, its light showing around the bend in growing brightness, but soon two or three flickering dots of flame came into view in a broader illumination, apparently moving forward in the air a few feet above the water.

Not waiting to see more at the moment, the naturalist

hastened softly into his house and cautiously bent over the deeply slumbering Oshonsee. A brief period of intent listening satisfied him that the sleep was profound; after which, stepping noiselessly across the prostrate form, he quickly possessed himself of the second pistol, and, thrusting it into the breast of his blouse, went out from the dark and silent chamber and portico to the rapidly lightening waterside.

A score of twinkling flames now shone over the glimmering stream in an approaching stealthy train, and if the spectator on the bank had not been prepared for the lustrous visitation he might have been more wary about exposing his figure to its intensifying radiance. For these floating tufts of fire, coming on with such spectral movement, soon defined themselves as the torches of half as many prahus, paddled without sound by wild-looking, half-naked figures. When the midnight watches on ships traversing the Malay Archipelago beheld these lights passing silently between the islets of any rocky cluster, from the savage Sooloos to the fairylike Tambelans, they knew that the Bajows, or "Sea-Gypsies," of the Borneon coast were gathering for some mysterious migration. Dr. Hedland was aware that he looked upon a flotilla of this strange remnant of lost Dyak tribes, who live wholly in their slight prahus for years; the combined glare, shadow, partly-revealed human shapes and indistinctly-illuminated boats delighted his artistic sensibilities; and when the foremost ghostly craft glided like a smoothly-swimming thing to the side of his own deserted little vessel, he stepped forward to greet one who leaped ashore, with an expression of admiration.

"What a picture you are making of it, most brilliant of the princes of darkness," he said, extending his hand.

The man standing before him in the ruddy torchlight, pressing a small, cold palm to his in civilized salutation, wore the turban, semi-Turkish garments and native "sarong" of a Malay, though without the usual gold embroidery of a pangeran's attire.

"If the wise Tuan Hedland is pleased," returned this comer, "it is happiness enough for the poor prince without a country whom he has allowed to come to him like a hunted fugitive in the night."

All of the prahus were now motionless on the darkly gleaming water; their elevated flames at bow and stern casting a mellow glow upon the figures on the nearer bank, the forest edges of the farther one, and the grouped Bajow crews, whose wet oars, metal spear-heads, and brazen ornaments on necks, arms and waists, caught ever-varying sparkles.

"Ah, my friend Makota, did I not warn you and Usop of what would come from that mad work at Bruni?" said the naturalist, shaking his head.

"That is past. Allah willed it."

"But you were not there, Pangeran."

"Usop's cause was mine—to make war, endless war, against all who come to Pulo Kalamantan with lying promises on their tongues and death in their friendship."

"And the end of it is, that Usop runs away to Kimanis, and I hear of you, once more, hiding with your old comrade, Shereef Sahib, in the ruins of Patusen," rejoined Hedland, impatiently.

"For a time, Tuan; only for a time," answered the Malay, in a passionately repressed voice. "Makota's day shall come yet. The leeches of Malacca drop off when they have drunk enough blood, and then a child's naked foot may crush them."

"I'm afraid the leeches will take flesh and bone, too,

if you Pangerans break many more English treaties," growled the Englishman. "But my letter to you by Pa Jenna was not on affairs of State," he continued, in a friendlier tone. "You had told me to send for you to meet me at Songi when I would, and as Pa Jenna heard that his daughter, Amina, was with you in Patusen, I took advantage of his going there, to hold you to your pledge."

"And I am here, Tuan Hedland; though I—Makota!—must steal hither by night, with such guards as these, and be out of the Sadong before the dawn, lest the prahus of Muda Hassim, or Budrudeen, should track me down like a skulking Bugis trader!" The clenched hands and drawn lips of the dark-faced Mahometan bespoke a wrath beyond the power of words.

"You have manfully justified my confidence in you," acknowledged the Doctor, soothingly; "and the fact that even the Bajows remain your friends while the Sultan joins your foes, is proof, in itself, that you are yet a power. And now to the purpose of our meeting.—Shall we go to the house?"

"There is no time. I must be in haste to return," said the fugitive Pangeran; who stood with one foot advanced in an oddly constrained attitude.

"Then here be it," was the coolly philosophical assent. "What I have to say to you, Makota, does not require many words. You have deceived me about the mias; not from any unfriendly motive, I believe, but because you have thought that the value of the creature to me depended upon his belonging to this island. With all the superiority of intelligence that I know you to possess over any Malay I have ever met before, you seem to be incorrigible in this misapprehension. I tell you now, for the last time, that it matters not to me whether the ape is Sumatran, or Borneon; and I tell you, also, that it is useless for you to insist upon the old story. He did not come from beyond the Madi mountains, as you have represented; for it is proved to me at last that his species has been known in the Sarawak valley within six years. Yet that is not a mias country; so, what mias have been there must have been brought from elsewhere in captivity. Neither I nor any other European can tell what animals may be found in the far interior of your land;—but it is my conviction that Oshonsee is no ape of Borneo."

"Tuan Hedland is neither Malay, nor Dyak, nor Chinese; but here he is in Pulo Kalamantan," hinted his auditor, with a peculiar smile.

"And that Pangeran would be worse than a fool who sought to convince his friend that I could be of the same land with Asiatic men," said the contemptuous naturalist. "Trifle with me no longer, Makota," he continued, more peremptorily; "for, as you have been told, I now possess proof positive, that the species of this mias has been known in a part of the Sarawak region where it was impossible for it to have been native. Six years ago, Sejulah, a young Dyak of Pa Jenna's village, loved a girl of that place, and was scorned because he had not yet brought in a head to show his prowess. Even at that time the business of head-hunting had become difficult; for, between the sultan's army with you and Muda Hassim in Sarawak, and the rebels of Siniawin, the amateur seeker after such a prize stood an excellent chance of losing his own skull.

"But Sejulah did bring in a head, one day; and, without question, it was smoked, and danced over, and hung up in the village head-house, by his simple-minded brother savages. There it remained, long after the rejoicings and marriage, until, a short time ago, it

attracted the notice of a civilized friend of mine as having a look different from the other heads. Then I was persuaded to go once more into the hideous place and scrutinize the head for myself. By the Orang-Kaya's authority I had it brought down for me from the rafters, though Sejulah sought, even by force, to prevent; and I found it to be the head of a mias.\*—But such a mias, Pangeran Makota, as neither you nor I ever saw before Oshonsee. It is a head such as his; neither Pappan, nor Rombi, nor Kassar, nor any other Borneon type; some foreign and hybrid creature, I could swear, and probably female. I believe firmly, from every appearance, that it is the head of the mother of the mias you procured for me; and the shame-stricken Sejulah has confessed that he killed the creature, with his spear, at the foot of Tubbang mountain, close to his own village!

"It is useless, after this, Makota, for you to attempt farther deception with me. I know that Oshonsee came not from the Madi mountains, and that his race could not have originated in this Island at all. You can tell me the whole truth if you choose, and it is essential to a great interest of my Science that you shall no longer withhold it. By our friendship I charge you, for the last time, to say all that you really know of the history of this strange creature."

The slender figure of the Malay remained motionless in the torchlight, while the stalwart frame of the earnest Englishman swayed with many an emphatic gesture.

"I have deceived you," said Makota, slowly and without emotion, "but only through knowing no more than yourself about the birthplace of the mias. My hunters brought the creature to me in Kuchin on their return from a long hunt after pheasants. It was so young then that it was put to suckle with the female mias that Muda Hassim afterwards gave to the English rajah. My people may have found it anywhere between Kuchin and the Batang Lupar. I told you the Madi mountains, because you knew that the mias was not a Pappan of Sambas, or Simunjon, and I did not, myself, know where such as he certainly belonged. By the beard of the Prophet! I swear that I can tell you no more."

Always willing to credit this most intellectual of the native princes of Borneo proper with much more respectable moral qualities than ever found credence at Kuchin, the disappointed Doctor doubted not that he had now heard all the truth attainable, and paced back and forth in abstracted thought, for a moment, before speaking again.

"I am bound to believe you, Pangeran; for your misapprehensive deception has not been even so much as I could have wished," he said at last. "This ape must now remain an inexplicable mystery to the last, I suppose—a mere accidental monster, and probably the last of an untraceable species. None the less, though,—half a Man! I'll maintain that, if the whole world laughs at me!" This part of his remarks might as well have been in English, for all that his stolid hearer understood thereof, and he appreciated the fact sufficiently to change the exhausted theme:

"Makota, I have none of the superhuman powers your people of this Island insist upon attributing to Rajah Brooke and all his countrymen; but it may be possible for me to befriend you, if you will be wise. A relative of a man whom I greatly love was wounded at Malludu, and the man has sent me a message to visit Kuchin and give him the benefit of my skill as a physi-

\* This whole passage is historical.

cian. I shall go, and it will be congenial to the real friendship I feel for you, to be a negotiator there on your behalf. You are well aware that I have no particular personal affection for the Rajah of Sarawak; nevertheless, I see plainly that it is the most futile folly for you to remain his enemy. In fighting him you are contending not only with your own Sultan, but also with the whole might of the great English nation. You see what Usop and the Shereefs have paid for their childish whistling against the wind. Be wiser in this, as in all else, than they, and let me mediate between yourself and Tuan Besar for your restoration to loyalty, to your true princely estate, and to the confidence of civilized men."

Standing yet in that constrained attitude, the swarthy Mahometan turned up his face, in the glinting light, to that of his taller counsellor, with a look of concentrated hatred upon it more frank than any expression it had previously shown.

"You shall bear him a message from Makota: one he has already heard," he said, slowly and significantly.

"What is it?"

"Let him look to his friends!"

"I do not understand that."

"Tuan Besar will understand."

"I shall say nothing, then, Pangeran. Obscure menaces are neither for Christian men to carry nor to heed. You refuse my good offices and choose to keep your own way. So be it."

"Has Tuan Hedland any farther command for his poor, mad friend?"

"No. We may part now."

Quickly drawing back the foot he had kept so stubbornly advanced, the Malay lightly stooped: then arose as lithely with some object in his extended hand:

"You dropped this, Tuan, coming out to meet the pursued and friendless Makota!"

Mechanically the naturalist received the proffered pistol—that which he had discharged earlier in the evening, and which had caught the keen eye of the Pangeran at the latter's first step on the bank. Not until his ironical visitor had slipped noiselessly back into the cabined prahu and waved a taciturn farewell, did he fully realize that he had been suspected of possible treachery.

"The hair-brained idiot!" he wrathfully muttered, with a passing indignant impulse to fire the other pistol into the air, as a resentful taunt; "does he think me as much an assassin as his heathen self?"

Not the faintest sound had come from the light-giving prahus during the whole characteristic interview; and now, when the one bearing Makota shot out, with its flaring torches, to take the lead down the forest-walled stream, they successively resumed motion, as stealthily devoid of so much hint to the ear as even plash of oar. Most insidious of all the midnight prowlers of East Indian seas, whether in depredatory approach or mocking flight, those Bajow rowers could propel their ghostly craft in a stillness as absolute as that kept by their tongues. The luminous circle of fiery radiance drew away from the bank and the figure upon it; receding down the narrow stream through continual pale apparitions and cloudy disappearances of arching tree-boughs and flitting jungle, until the floating central bits of fire went, dwindling, one by one, out of sight, and once more there was but a spectral gleam around the bend of the river.

Doctor Hedland remained watching the barbaric spectacle to this point; and then turned his back sharply upon it, in something like the vaguely protesting spirit

of a man moving from one side to the other upon his bed, at half-waking release from an ungracious dream. The blank darkness in which he was left had a more desolate effect of complete isolation, from his feeling that even the semblance of his friendship with the sullen Malay had ended. Not his the fault, nor the loss; yet, in a certain perverse way, he had warmly admired the indomitable traitor prince, and felt the lonelier in the world through knowing that even a hollow pretense on Makota's side could be trusted no more.

It was, therefore, rather heavy-heartedly that he groped his way back to the cottage; though, perhaps, with an even more softened sentiment than before for the yet profoundly sleeping dumb familiar of his savage exile. Only the measured breathing of the Ape, in the thick gloom, gave evidence of a companioning presence within that pigmy shrine of vaunting human Knowledge, on the black verge of an untrodden world; but, without—where all was one vast, veiling sylvan temple to an unknown God—the Pagan priesthood of the palms rustled fitfully a wordless incantation to unlighted skies, and the myriad uninterpretable voices of the trackless wild resounded like a choral dithyramb of the Lost.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### AT MR. MERTON'S TABLE.

In any part of the habitable globe the most useful of roving titles for a man to wear is that of "Captain," and it might have been Mr. Merton's, in Kuchin, had he chosen to cherish the professional identity of his first appearance in the East Indies.

It was as commander and part owner of a fine Indian man that he became acquainted, at Singapore, with the noted Captain Van der Beck, whose greatly successful transformation into planter and shipper on the island of Ceram suggested to our English mariner that he, also, might profit by speculative individual adventure in the Archipelago. With no very definite idea of the particular island he should ultimately select for his own purpose, nor in what special products he should interest himself, he impulsively decided to dispose of his ownership in the Indiaman, purchase a smaller vessel, and compete in the coasting trade between the Straits Settlements and Celebes until opportunity of more ambitious investment should offer.

Bringing out his wife from her English home to Singapore, at that time a lively new centre, yet, of commercial enterprise, from the prosperous impetus given to it by Sir Stamford Raffles' earlier exaltation of British prestige in the Java Sea, Captain Merton forthwith entered upon his project. In a schooner too well armed and manned to dread piratical interference, unless wrecked, he cruised from port to port as far as the Banda Sea, and then back; always alert for any such local eligibility of power and thrift as Van der Beck had discovered. He returned with the conviction that there was only one thus eligible opening in the whole Archipelago, and that the Dutch skipper had availed himself of it.

Not caring after that to prosecute his trading rivalry with the energetic Bugis, nor yet willing to go home discomfited to England, he summarily sold his schooner, and presently obtained an interest in an experimental cotton plantation owned by a Dutch gentleman named Von Camp, in the province of Bantam, Java. The subsequent sale of this plantation, at a supposably larger profit than might have accrued from farther amateur working, was followed by the reappearance of the Mertons in Singapore, accompanied



by the Von Camps. Upon becoming a landed proprietor Mr. Merton had chosen to drop his title, and it was as "little Merton from Manchester" that his compatriots of the Straits finally knew him, in his various enterprises with Mr. Von Camp.

When Rajah Brooke had made Kuchin a place of mark to the whole world, the two friends were among the first of Europeans to risk a residence there; and so they come into the present story; both, indeed, at this telling, being concerned with Mr. Effingham in projects to establish Chinese coal-mining on the Simunjon, and build in Singapore a factory for the preparation of Borneon sago.

Our American family and these new acquaintances having already been seen in friendly company together, the foregoing sketch of a typical speculative career in the Malayan Indies of forty years ago may serve to give more distinct individual interest to the Mertons as the hosts of a little dinner-party, whereat the Von Camps and the Effinghams were invited to meet the Rajah, Mr. Williamson and—Doctor Hedland!

Kuchin had exhausted itself in every public device of celebration at Tuan Besar's victorious return from Bruni and Malludu. A triumphant escort of prahus for H. M. S. *Driver*, from the mouth of the Sarawak to the Rajah's wharf; salutes, illuminations with torches and Chinese lanterns, and a picturesque native ceremony of heroic welcome by two charming daughters of the magistrate known as the Tumangong, had been successive forms of joyous greeting to an idolized ruler; and then to the patriotism of the foreign residents were left such hospitable private demonstrations as might be consistent with the fact that a young English officer had been brought back severely wounded to the Rajah's house.

Mr. Merton waited only long enough to be assured that the stricken youth was convalescing, to announce his modest entertainment. It was impracticable in a cottage like his to attempt any banquet on a grand scale, even had the social availabilities of the place been such as to yield due proportions of the sexes in a large party. Accordingly, after an invitation to the Rajah, his immediate staff and guests, of whom but the first, his aide, and the Doctor could return acceptances, he besought the company of the two families most likely to be congenial in the circumstances. Indeed, although it was now generally understood that the savage blow from a "parang-ihlang" suffered by Mr. Belmore had not fractured the skull, as was at first feared, a peculiar regard for both the Lieutenant and his Uncle constrained the Rajah to abstain yet awhile from any social attentions not of the quietest order.

Hence, the gathering of eleven people, in the Mertons' family-room, preparatory to the dining, had any aspect but that of a State affair; and there was much pleasantries amongst them at the difficulties they had all experienced in trying, on different occasions, to maintain the hospitable forms of civilized society amidst the many awkward limitations of their present Gipsy kind of life. As for the dresses of the occasion, they, too, partook of its enforced simplicity; the ladies wearing plain summer silks and no ornaments beyond a few natural flowers in their hair, and the gentlemen looking practical in loose black coats and nether appointments, and white waistcoats.

Coming thither from the usual daily session of his court of justice, in which, with the native magistracy ranged on either side of his chair, he awarded reparation to the wronged and punishment to the guilty, the

Rajah brought with him no other slightest sign of his princely rank than the handkerchief almost perpetually in his hand; and this characteristic Orientalism was so obviously without immediate consciousness on his part, that it seemed rather an oversight than a mannerism. After the first salutations he chatted with the ladies, in groups or singly, upon such light local topics, or latest bits of news from Europe, as they might be supposed to care about, becoming taciturn only when anything in the general conversation threatened to make the Bruni expedition a subject of special reference.

No man ever won a great position in the world with less pride over its conventional heroism and more jealousy of its genuine moral integrity than James Brooke. In the public duties of his anomalous Christian government of a Mahometan principality he could assume the stateliest air of an absolute potentate, and convey an impression of all the militant power of his rank; but when associating informally with people of his own race, it was his wish to be simply an unaffected English gentleman, engaged in an as yet undecided humanely regenerative mission; and it gave him more humiliation than complacency to be reminded of his occasional compulsion to the sword.

It is difficult to idealize such a character in any effective degree for abstract literary presentation; yet even as but an untitled member of a little party of educated exiles from civilization gathered socially in a Borneon house of bamboo, Mr. Brooke had a distinctive and suggestive dignity of aspect by which the commonest observation would have recognized him as one possessed of an eminent personal history. The high forehead, delicate temples, spirited sensibility of nostril, and firm curve of shapely chin; the eyes, at once keen and benevolent, and twinkling with a latency of ingenious humor; the mouth, as refinedly unsensuous as it was decisively manly; combined in an intellectual expression both lofty and propitiatory; to which the erect bearing and graceful ease of movement induced by years of familiar quiet command and ennobling physical freedom, were the harmonious completion of a personality the more impressively distinguished, from appearing to gain without factitious appeal an instinctive general concession of tacit deference to it.

The Mertons and their friends inferred that the arrival of Doctor Hedland at the government house, to consult with the official surgeon, Doctor Treacher, in the case of the wounded lieutenant, had been followed by some form of reconciliation between the Rajah and his old comrade; but they were somewhat surprised to observe such evidence of fully restored friendship as their acceptance of a social invitation together. The naturalist was prepared to be regarded with some inquisitive curiosity, and in greeting the Effinghams took occasion to offer both an apology and an explanation.

"With all due appreciation of Mr. and Mrs. Merton's polite hospitality, madame," he said, when presented to Mrs. Effingham, "I might not have been able to combat my unsocial tendencies sufficiently to avail myself of it to-day, but for the particular temptation of the opportunity to modify that unfavorable estimation in which you and the other ladies of your household must have held me since our first meeting."

"Do not mention that, sir," she responded, with a smile. "The circumstances were so exceptional, and your provocation was so great, that you might justly have expected our feelings to be more apologetic for ourselves than inimical to you."

"That is certainly a magnanimous way of putting it, Mrs. Effingham, and I thank you," the Doctor remarked,



with a bow and an answering smile; "but as I am back here again with old friends on my good behavior, I desire to confess frankly that I am not the kind of man with whom many can get along agreeably, unless by making a very generous allowance for the irritabilities of a temper that has not improved by average contact with the world. We are so few white Christians, altogether, in this outlandish wilderness of heathendom, that I am fairly sick of trying to find a comfort in hostile independence, and believe that it is good philosophy to avow my mistake and resume the bondage of mutual social obligation! I said to my old friend, Mr. Brooke, beside the sick-bed of our gallant young patient: 'You are such an exceptionally unsatisfactory person, Rajah, to attempt to force into the attitude of an enemy, that I renounce the delusive experiment.' His incredibly pitiless answer was—as we shook hands—that he had never doubted my experience of untold torments in trying vainly to persuade myself that I cared no longer for our early friendship, and that there had never been a moment since our parting at Singapore when he would have been afraid to count upon me as, in reality, one of the staunchest friends he could find in the world!"

Everybody in the room was compelled to hear this unreserved confidence; for the speaker seemed purposely to make all his confidants by particularly loud and deliberate speaking. Mr. Brooke laughed at the quotation from himself, and intimated that no one else who knew the terrible Doctor had ever been the least bit more credulous of his enmity.

"It is enviable, sir, to be the subject of such incredulity," said Mrs. Effingham, recovering from her momentary embarrassment at seeming to be the interlocutor in a public confession.

"I don't know about that, madame," returned Hedland, resuming his usual tone and manner. "There are times when a human being of average spirit would like to be credited with a good, honest power of hating."

"It does not seem possible to me that real hatred can ever supplant real love," remarked the lady. "Doubtless a course of bitterly hostile thought, and even action, may result from affection repelled, or betrayed; but the very passion of such bitterness arises from the affronted love yet underlying it. Jealousy's utmost extravagance is not yet hatred; for hate and love cannot exist simultaneously in the same heart, and the revengeful antagonism created by a sense of injustice in a loving nature is very different from the instinctive antipathy actuating all real hatred."

"Which I take to be a considerate way of saying that I have been simply jealous of my friend Brooke—and perhaps you're right," said the Doctor, maliciously enjoying the confusion of the fair philosopher at his blunt personal application of her theory. "At any rate, madame, I hope that I have now made my peace with yourself and all other friends in Kuchin. I knew, when I entered this room, that everybody here was wondering how the Rajah and myself appeared to be upon such good terms, and it seemed to me that my sensible course was to confess in public at once, and have the fool's play over."

Mrs. Effingham greeted this characteristic summing-up of the whole matter with a pleasant little laugh.

"I call that true moral courage, as well as excellent common sense. May I ask you now, as you have referred to your patient, how Mr. Belmore is getting on?"

"As well as the slow healing of a wound will allow, in this latitude."

"His Uncle is with him?"

"Yes; since two days ago. The Colonel was stopping in Sambas, as you have heard, I suppose, on his way to Singapore, when Mr. Brooke's messenger overtook him with news of his nephew's mishap. He at once dispatched runners to me, and then came back here himself by prahu."

"We deeply sympathize with him in his anxiety," said Mrs. Effingham. "When it was first reported that Mr. Belmore's injury was dangerous our house was as sad as though he had belonged to it. Both Mr. Effingham and myself have acquired a very warm regard for the young man."

While this conversation was progressing, the Rajah had been drawn into a lively debate of the great Borneo coal question by Messieurs Merton, Von Camp, and Effingham, the joint local business-enterprises of those gentlemen enlisting his heartiest approval; Mr. Williamson had undertaken to describe to Mrs. Von Camp, Miss Ankeroo and the taciturn Abretta, how the edible birds'-nests were found and gathered in caves along the coast; and Mrs. Merton was absent upon an inquest of the final preparations for dinner.

The plan of the Merton mansion included no halls nor other spaces between apartments. The door from the veranda opened immediately upon the family-room, and one directly opposite to it in the partition of the latter gave access to the dining-room; the dormitories being divided and doored from either end of each of the two main interiors. When, therefore, upon summons of a Portuguese butler, the principal guest offered an arm to his hostess, and the others paired in due processional order thereafter, an effect of comedy was produced by the abruptness with which all emerged against the very backs of the chairs they were to occupy at table.

But none of the embarrassments of civilized hospitality in a savage country involved any humiliation for the givers of the entertainment, inasmuch as they were common to the domestic experience of every European family in Borneo; and the more unlike every detail and episode was to that which would have been exigent in a Christian land, the fresher was its zest as a characteristic barbarous sauce piquant. With all, too, the Merton dinner, beginning with an unexceptionable soup and ending with such a variety of fruits as few princely boards can show, lacked only ices to be complete in all the principal dishes and dainties of a London or New York banquet. Fish of rare delicacy, native oysters, or "tiramis," turtle, and chicken deliciously curried in the inimitable Bombay style, preceded or alternated with substantial mutton, beef and venison: the wines, especially the India sherry, were good and plentiful; and the ornamentation of flowers was as brilliant as the most sensuous taste could have devised. Given the endless gustatory availabilities of the heart of the Tropics, with Chinese servants facile to acquire the subtlest arts of cooking and service which can be taught to them, and an Apicius might be happy in Pulo Kalamantan.

Incidentally to this suggestion, and affably addressing the table generally, Mr. Brooke presently observed:

"I am sometimes disposed to believe, that, in trying to interest my fellow-countrymen, at home, in Borneo, I would do well to expatiate more upon the delicious things one may find here to eat. Diamonds, gold, tin, antimony, rice, coffee, cocoanuts, and what not, seem to appeal as familiar abstractions to the British mind. Mention of them is always expected when one has anything to say about unpleasantly hot countries, and they no longer fire the commercial imagination as in former times. Become enthusiastic, however, over the pleasures

of the table to be enjoyed at the ends of the earth, and forthwith you establish one of the strongest of all possible temptations for the average man to go thither some time if he can."

"Possibly we are betraying a national secret to Mr. Effingham," added Dr. Hedland, beaming amiably through his glasses, "but I am sure you are right, Rajah. The parts of the Globe to which Englishmen can be the most easily drawn are those of which you can report that, however their minerals and other sordid attractions may disappoint, they are always to be trusted for a good dinner. What curries and mangoes have done for India, turtles and durions might effect for Borneo. The more you think of this idea," continued the Doctor, more seriously, "the less farcical it will seem. What European countries are the least popular with dyspeptics even, but those in which the table-fare is poorest? Why is diamond-seeded Africa neglected for illusive Asia, except because the African adventurer must expect to forego all decent eating?"

"Conceding that the argument is fairly logical," said Mr. Merton, "it would scarcely apply beneficially to Borneo; where we do not at present need pleasure-visitors, or colonists, so much as Spartan capitalists."

"That is, indeed, our great want—individuals, or Companies, of large means, to come to this vast, virtually unappropriated Island of untold riches, and utilize its wonderful products to the civilized world," assented the Rajah, with remarkable earnestness. "Now cannot you ladies persuade Mr. Effingham to remain with us at least another year?" he went on, appealing to that gentleman's family. "The United States are exhibiting more interest for us now than I can excite in my own nation. Only Great Britain and the Dutch have had a greater number of ships at Singapore this year than the United States. I tell my own countrymen, frankly, that if they persist in neglecting the present golden opportunity of reclaiming and controlling this second-greatest and richest Island in the world, either the Americans or the Netherlands will grasp the prize. As an Englishman I am jealous of any form of Dutch expansion in the East Indies—if Mr. and Mrs. Von Camp will excuse my plain speaking—but, in default of English alacrity, I am anxious to have Americans interested in Sarawak. Mr. Effingham's sojourn here has given me great gratification, and I am peculiarly pleased at what he and our friends, Mr. Merton and Mr. Von Camp, are doing for the business interests of Borneo.—Ladies, you must help me to persuade him to a longer stay."

"They have not yet learned to be as fond of the East Indies as Mrs. Von Camp and I," suggested Mrs. Merton.

"Miss Ankeroo's school and mission should save her from home-sickness, at any rate," insinuated Mr. Von Camp, bowing to that fair missionary.

"I am afraid my humble educational efforts will not avail to detain my friends in a country where monkeys are thought to be men," said Cousin Sadie; and there was general merriment at this irrepressible note of her well-known intolerance for the theory of the naturalist, Dr. Hedland laughing as cheerily as the others.

"I appreciate your Excellency's compliment to my country and myself," interposed Mr. Effingham, inclining his head; "but it will be quite impracticable for us to remain here longer than at first proposed. I am fully impressed, however, with the truth of all that has been said as to the undeveloped riches of Borneo, and the ease with which they can be commercially utilized; and, upon our return to the United States, shall exert

myself to interest both the government and our mercantile classes yet more actively in this undoubtedly great field for both national and individual experiment.—By that time," he added, turning with a smile towards the Doctor, "I hope that our visiting Commodore will be able to act as his own interpreter."

"Ah!" cried Hedland, throwing up his hands in mock dismay; "there's another cut for the reclaimed sinner! But let me assure you, Mr. Effingham—as I seem to be in the confessional again!—there was no treachery in the interpreting for your 'Constitution's' commander at Bruni. The Sultan had done me the honor to ask my services in the case, and I merely interpreted as the parties spoke. I was blamed by your side for not taking active part with it; practically serving as an American ambassador myself; and that was not at all in my province."

"When I came to know you, sir, I no longer entertained a question of the propriety of your reserve," returned Mr. Effingham, courteously.

The Rajah's tact to avert possible awkward effects from this turn of the conversation, was shown in his prompt arraignment of himself for having introduced heavy topics of State to the prejudice of the ladies' proper share in the table-talk. Upon this hint the several gentlemen devoted their colloquial attentions for a while to their gentler companions, the usual light chat of a dinner-party prevailed generally around the board, and the Chinese servants poured the wines without fear of interrupting critical speeches.

If there were exceptions to the spontaneous social geniality of the cozy gathering, they could be found in the radically contrasting demeanors of the youngest and the oldest members of the company—Miss Effingham and the naturalist. Much girlish vivacity could scarcely have been expected from the former, where all were her elders, and the tenor of incident and remark naturally adapted itself to the presence of an important personage; but, even these subduing influences imperfectly accounted for an apparently unconscious isolation of manner, making her a mere passivity of youthful beauty. Doctor Hedland's was the other extreme; his usual dogmatic style of address and curtness of rejoinder had given place to a kind of placatory and comparatively garrulous politeness, that would have seemed a benevolent change but for a certain uncomfortable suggestion of spasmodic effort in it.

Conversational varieties ranged from congratulations upon the mildness with which the wet-monsoon had begun, to speculations as to the true value of the enormous diamond said to have been obtained by the Sultan of Matan from the Borneon Golconda of Mount Landa. Miss Ankeroo's citation of some zoological spelling from the Dictionary of Marsden led Mr. Williamson into a sketch of that lexicographer's career in the East India Company's Sumatran service; and Mr. Merton's appeal in a question of game-hunting to Mr. Brooke, as to one who had shot woodcock in the ruins of Ephesus and hares on the plains of Troy, drew from the Rajah on account of the Dyak method of capturing the native stag, or "rusa," by driving it into a snare-work of rattan. The married ladies compared notes upon the docility and quick understanding of Chinamen as household servitors, and the Doctor was voluble to the mechanically attentive Abretta about Aru birds of paradise and the mound-building hens of Lombok. Only the Bruni expedition and orang-outans were excluded from the locally suggested topics more or less discussed.

When there was a concentration of subject again, it arose from the Rajah's remark to Mr. Effingham, that he had felt surprised disappointment at the indifference of noted philanthropists to his work.

"I am anxious to attract organized capital hither, it is true," he went on; "for that is essential to the development of the splendid material resources of this Island at least into an equality with those of Java. There can be no permanent civilization for Borneo without this. No general truth could be more self-evident; and yet, because it is inseparable from any argument I can address effectively to the Christian nations whom I wish to enlist in the redemption of a mighty land given over for ages to helpless barbarians, even my own English people appear to believe that the establishment of another East India Company is my principal, if not sole, aim.

"This misapprehension is shown by my very friends. They talk to me about making myself the richest commoner in the world; a second Arkwright—as though my motive in being here were that of a mere pecuniary speculator! I am reminded of the princely state maintained by the brother of Doctor Hedland in Lombok; the splendor of Mr. Duivenboden, the autocratic Dutch 'King of Ternate,' and the growing affluence of Captain Van der Beck in Ceram.

"But it has never entered into my thoughts either to attain wealth by my position here, or share it as reaped by others. I came to befriend and elevate a simple-hearted race of men, who ask but the countenance and protection of Christian benefactors to emerge thankfully from heathen superstition, slavery and degradation into any nobler state we may choose to fit them for. I hold my rajahship of Sarawak purely to afford these poor Dyaks the only measure of justice ever attainable by them against the pitiless extortions and enslavements of their worthless Malay pangerans and shereefs, and would willingly resign it to-morrow to have my Country establish here her equitable laws and redeeming civilization.

"All this I have fervently reiterated to my countrymen. Lord Aberdeen may correspond by the ream with M. Dedel, the Netherlands' minister, about the Treaty of 1824 and how it may proportion the respective trading prerogatives of their two governments in the Archipelago; but I want to see English philanthropists—like Sir Fowell Buxton, for instance—taking a moral interest in the matter and giving me at least their good wishes."

As the speaker warmed with theme and sentiment so dear to his heart, he seemed to forget where he was, and attained an intensification of tone and glance magnetizing his hearers into breathless attention.

"A nobler ambition could not possess the human mind," responded the American merchant, with sympathetic fervor; "but you must reflect, sir, that it is unfortunately anomalous in the history of European ascendancy in the Orient. From commerce to conquest has been the one unvarying tale of Christendom's dealings with indolent Asia; and you can scarcely expect the Buxtons and Wilberforces, whose credulity suffered such a shock from the futile Niger Expedition, to believe at once that a fellow-countryman is single-minded in challenging their help against a worse than African slavery in the ever-plundered East Indies. In fact, I believe that I may say without national conceit, that the true spirit of your actions in Borneo, Mr. Brooke, is better understood in my country, at present, than in your own. Both the government and the people of the United States are familiar with the tenor of your work

here, and I am confident that you will yet receive signal evidence of their high appreciation."\*

"Next to the sympathy and co-operation of Great Britain, Mr. Effingham, I should value the friendship of the one other great nation speaking the same language, worshipping in the same religion and characterized by the same indomitable energy. Let me frankly confess to you, that in importuning the ministry of Sir Robert Peel to avail itself of the present exceptional opportunity here, I have mentioned the United States as being no less likely than the Netherlands to seize the neglected chance. It was an American missionary at Bruni, Mr. Dickenson, who first called attention to Borneo's richness in coal. Our vessels in these seas now use from one hundred to three hundred thousand tons of coal a year, all of which must be brought from home; yet the western coast of this Island, from Bruni southward, is probably almost a succession of coal-beds.

"In this connection I have taken the liberty of naming yourself, sir, in my dispatches to Lord Aberdeen, as showing, by your concern with Mr. Von Camp and Mr. Merton, what American judgment may see in the commercial practicabilities of our Island. Probably such a portent as the recent visit of the 'Constitution' to the Sultan will decide my government at least to plant its flag on Labuan, as I have suggested, and so put itself into a position to dominate, ultimately, the whole northwestern coast. You see, therefore, that I already owe much to American enterprise, and have good reason to thank your President Tyler's late administration. Is the same policy likely to be followed by the present cabinet?"

Mr. Effingham's manner was a shade less cordial in his answer to this question.

"President Polk," he said, "was not the candidate of the political party to which I belong, and I am not prepared to say how far he may adopt the foreign policy of his predecessor. Yet there is not much likelihood of any very radical departure from a course dictated by the paramount commercial interests of the country."

"Pardon me if I ask, sir, to which party do you belong!" interposed Doctor Hedland, suddenly, with a touch of his old, unceremoniously domineering air.

An amused look in the Rajah's eyes invited his American friend to humor this diversion, and Mr. Effingham turned his own dignified glance to the florid countenance of the last speaker.

"I have the honor, Doctor Hedland, to be a member of the party whose political principles and average associations are the more congenial with the judgment and tastes of American Gentlemen."

The naturalist perfectly appreciated the intention of this peculiar answer to waive a subject too immediately personal for the occasion, but a reckless spirit of perversity had full possession of him.

"Am I to understand, then, that affiliation with political parties in the United States is a matter of social selection?" he inquired, with an aspect of surprise.

"With all but the professional politicians," was the cool and sweeping response.

"Live and learn!" ejaculated the Doctor, shrugging his broad shoulders. "Here is an aristocratic principle that exceeds anything known to us in Europe."

"Yes—if you misapprehend, or only partly understand it, sir."

\* Five years after this conversation a special Envoy from Washington carried a letter of congratulation to the Rajah of Sarawak from the President of the United States.



"Excuse my obtuseness; but how can there be a more extreme system of class-distinction in the population of a country than that which you have asserted for your republic? An aristocrat by politics sounds to me like the aristocracy of France before the Revolution."

"Nevertheless, Doctor Hedland, such is the aristocracy of my country."

"Well, I was once there myself," sneered the Doctor, "and certainly witnessed some phases of social assumption about equal to that standard!"

Mrs. Effingham looked startled at this reminiscence, and tried to catch the eye of her husband; but that gentleman, who was regarding his catechist with unruffled composure, did not care to be admonished.

"Foreigners visiting the United States are apt to be surprised," he said, "at finding the same social order as in their own monarchical countries, when they had expected to have their vanity propitiated by the greetings of a universal democracy. For instance, an Englishman of the middle-class of English society discovers, that, while the educational and pecuniary standards of the best social class recognizing his eligibility are obviously above those of his own average equals at home, he is yet as far from the cognizance of a certain higher, if much smaller, circle of American society, as from that which is hereditarily inaccessible to him in his own country. Thus, while the grade into which he has been received is of greater comparative pretentiousness than anything in his normal social availabilities in his native land, the gain in this respect makes even the more bitterly disappointing to him the inexorable denial of farther aspiration, and he goes back across the Atlantic an eternal hater of everything American. There was your Charles Dickens—phenomenal in literary genius as he is, who, under the common delusion of the largest class of our foreign visitors, became prematurely intoxicated by the exceptional homage of all American classes to his just fame as a writer, and undertook to march into the Presidential Mansion itself, with a sort of 'hail, fellow, well met!' freedom, to teach Executive and cabinet that the international copyright scheme of the author of 'Pickwick' must no longer be disregarded. Well, at that point he was himself taught, and sharply, that even a 'Boz' might presume too far upon the social equalities of a republic. So, upon going home, he berated us hysterically in 'Martin Chuzzlewit',—not to mention his 'American Notes.'

"Now, Doctor Hedland, I put it to your own sense of justice—is it fair for you, Europeans, to assume, gratuitously, that we, Americans, have less sense of degrees in social refinement than all the remainder of mankind; and so accuse us of false pretense, because you see, upon coming amongst us, that the assumption has egregiously misled you?"

Hedland was too acute not to realize that he was being sarcastically arraigned, by implication, as a middle-class English representative who had found his undue social expectations to be a fallacy in America! The profoundly silent attention of the company; the irrepressible twinkle in the Rajah's eyes, and the now intensely animated expression of Abretta's listening face; did not tend to make him more philosophical under the lecture he had wantonly brought upon himself.

"We have digressed from the real point at issue between us, Mr. Effingham," said he, in supercilious dismissal of the general question. "You have asserted that adherence to party in American politics is decided

by social preference. I have replied that such a principle is more essentially aristocratic than any permanent phase of European aristocracy. You seem to concede as much; and now I am trying to ascertain from you, wherein is the consistency between such a state of things and the pretension to democratic equality upon which the whole distinctive national character of the United States is avowedly based?"

"I will do my best to demonstrate that consistency to you, sir," resumed the merchant, coolly deliberate as before. "The first principle of our republican theory of government is, that all men are born free and equal; in other words, that a democracy is the aboriginal condition of the whole human race. To construe this literally, would be to abrogate every form of individual authority; since no one individual could then govern any other save by usurpation, either direct or constructive. It must be qualified, therefore, by practicability, to mean, that, although no man has any inherent superiority over another by the circumstances of birth, every man has an equal right with his neighbor to gain what ascendancy he can by the free development, exercise and cultivation of his any, or every, natural capacity for it.

"If he is virtuous, industrious and honorably ambitious, while others are vicious, indolent and groveling, the logic of natural law will give him consideration, acquisition and moral predominance. If he labors to be wise, while others are content with foolishness, his gravitation to power, in one form or another, will be as sure as that of the others to subjection. If he cultivates a noble pride in himself, to master the refinements of education, cherish an abhorrence of all meannesses of action, speech and thought, and habituate his mind to moral heroism and his heart to Christian courtesy; while others elect to remain self-indulgently ignorant, coarse, morally unstable and boorish; he will become Nature's aristocrat as distinguished over Nature's democrats. He has only done with his natural gifts what all the others might, by equal pains, sacrifices and self-discipline, have done with theirs; (for in every human composition not abnormally perverted there is some good potentiality susceptible of culture into eminence by sufficient honesty and industry of endeavor;) and is entitled, by 'Heaven's first law,' to be 'greater than the rest.'

"Starting from the proposition that all men are, as you may say, born democrats, and that each and every one may properly wish to elevate themselves honorably into Nature's aristocracy, the republic of the United States places within the reach of its meanest subject the means of making the most of his every moral, intellectual and social instinct and capacity of self-elevation.

"A certain proportion of the population has chosen, through all its generations, to make the most of these means—and this is the American aristocracy. Another proportion has been later, less energetic, in the same course; and this is the American middle-class, a high element of which is perpetually assimilating to the former. Third and last come those who are the latest and slowest; recruited chiefly from the lowest foreign emigration; yet even amongst these the spirit of self-elevation is never without some illustrations.

"Now what I call our aristocracy and our middle-class are always more numerous, in combination, than the third division; and, as they retain their relative proportions through all the national growth, have it permanently in their power to decide the fates of political parties. Furthermore, of the two great parties always to be found in the United States, neither ever



has its root in the lowest social class, although the latter enjoys all the political privileges of the highest, and often holds the balance of power. While Democracy is the undisputed parent of both parties,—with whatever subdivisions itself, occasionally, may have,—and both exist upon fundamentally democratic principles, it is by an instinctive tacit agreement of the lowest and highest social strata that the transitional middle-class invariably dictates the practical formulation of either. In this great class,—at its one extreme assimilating steadily, if slowly, with the higher segregation, and at the other as constantly receiving gradual assimilations from the lower,—lie the average political knowledge, sagacity and trained familiarization, which can be most safely trusted alike for the consideration due to the just interests of the humblest voter, and the intellectual and moral propitiation of the most dignified.

"Here we arrive, Doctor Hedland, at the principle of 'social selection' we were talking about.—The two parties arising under these conditions are simply parts of the one primitive American democratic body politic, differentiating in accordance with the respective educational and associative predilections of the two extremes of the middle social class. One party looks chiefly downward, with a jealous care to the preservation of the original broad foundation of American democracy; the other as habitually looks upward, in restless intellectual and moral aspiration to something ever higher in the nation's superstructure. The two, together, equally assure national stability and national growth; but they interchange social affiliations according as one or the other is the more immediately identified with what the highest national intelligence esteems to be the most pressing present interest of the Republic.

"Thus, in periods varying from ten to twenty years, you may see the choicest social element in the United States—practically all of the class of highest culture and three-fourths of the middle class—transferring itself from one of these parties to the other; in effect so denuding that which it has left of all respectability as to make farther individual adherence to it a positive social reproach. Thence arises the proper distinction of 'the party of Gentlemen'; the political organization immediately favored, not alone by the wealth, but, by the noblest intellect, grandest moral sentiment, and most refined social instinct of the country.

"But, really, your Excellency, and our good friends all around, I must crave pardon for such scarcely mannerly prolixity," apologized Mr. Effingham, suddenly realizing that he had been betrayed by his patriotic energy into an astounding disregard of time and the polite conventions.

"You are much more than excusable sir:—indeed on my own behalf I thank you—for favoring us with so comprehensive an insight of the philosophy of republican society and politics," replied the Rajah, as sincerely as courteously. "Doctor Hedland," he added, amiably, "has made us all his debtors by inducing you to give us light on a subject that certainly seems to have suffered grievously from the world's prevalent misunderstanding of it."

"Well, but, gentlemen and ladies, do you know I cannot yet see clearly where the particular 'social selection' principle has been demonstrated by our American friend? He has shown how intellectual and moral preferences have their influence in American, as in all civilized, politics; but I don't grasp his logic of an American 'aristocracy' in politics," persisted the naturalist, who had listened to the whole argument with curious attention.

"The term 'aristocracy' was your own, sir," Mr. Effingham reminded him; "and I adopted it merely because you seemed tenacious of it. My purpose was, after premising that any citizen of the United States can elevate himself to the highest social grade, if he chooses to employ the ample available means therefor, to show that the best class of American society is perpetually a political force rectifying ultimately whatever is seriously unsound in our party-life, and that it always maintains its cohesion in one party or the other, to make that the party of gentlemen.

"Once be the organization distinguished as such to popular apprehension, and, whatsoever its past minority, no law of nature is surer than that it will gradually attract, even by instinctive social affinity, all the finest thinkers, truest moralists, and most refined domestic characters in American life. The well-bred son of a cultured family belongs to it before he is old enough to judge between political issues for himself, because it is the party of his kindred and associates; the educated, socially aspiring scion of unpolished parents turns to it for the company most congenial to his bettered intellectual and social capacities; even the matured nature innately superior to its customary conditions of education and society, is glad at last to experience the enhanced private consideration incident to a public identification with it. Then comes decisive victory at the ballot-box; a grand, peaceful revolution, to be followed by signal reinvigoration of every nerve of national prosperity and national greatness."

"And then—?" pursued the Doctor, obstinately.

"After a period of beneficent ascendancy, this party declines in moral vigor if its leasehold of power is too easily retained, and its integrity becomes more and more impaired by the accession of whosever are unscrupulously ambitious and greedy for political preferment. Then begins its rapid decline; one after another, men eminent in private station are known to have fallen quietly away from it; its veteran early leaders withdraw slowly into voluntary retirement before its new partisans; the names of all notorious political adventurers begin to be associated with it. In short, there has ensued an amalgamation of the baser elements of the two parties. The result is practically a new party of mere spoilsmen, and to confront it arises a reorganization of the high element it has alienated, with the purest portion of the former general opposition. There is always short thrift in the United States for a party of this description. Seldom does it survive to a second battle of the ballots, never to a third. Again the best social sentiment shows its power by destroying what had finally abused its making, and brings to redeeming supremacy the fresh political force it has regenerated."

Besides what interest they were able to take in a topic so uncomfortably weighty for table-talk, the little party at Mr. Merton's board found a certain exceptional zest for it in a common perception of Doctor Hedland's seemingly wanton disposition to atone to himself for his newly placatory spirit toward the Rajah and others by being almost rudely aggressive in his manner to the American gentleman. From the chief guest downward, nobody was sorry to have the captious dogmatist fairly talked out of argument on ground of his own perverse insistence. Therefore, even the ladies had not the sense of conversational exclusion they might otherwise have been disconcerted by, and Mr. Brooke and his friendly staff scarcely disguised their quietly amused content at the naturalist's self-provoked visitation of American republicanism.

The Doctor himself was conscious enough of being the conspicuous social failure of the evening, and felt anything but indifferent to that fact; while the good, practical sense always underlying his petulant contrarities of demeanor, made him clearly aware that he had trenched upon the patience of the merchant and whole company nearly to the verge of boorishness. Taking time to realize this, he was not the man to spare himself in confession of it.

"With the permission of the Rajah and our friends, I must shake hands with you, my dear sir," he exclaimed, rising to offer that manual greeting across the table to the nowise reluctant Mr. Effingham. "Thank you. I don't know that you ought to regret, much, an opportunity for vindicating your country so effectively against much ignorant criticism; but I surely do regret, for myself, that I secured every sympathy for you, at my own just expense, by my manner of challenge. The fact is, friends all," he continued, bowing gravely around as he resumed his chair, "I am nothing if not apologetic to-day. This whole life of ours in Borneo is becoming more and more a nightmare to me, in which one hour finds me half disposed to turn good, honest savage at once, and the next brings me to intolerable self-disgust that I seem to myself so near that consummation already."

An applausive, reassuring ripple of friendly laughter, and a general proffer of the courtesies of wine by the gentlemen, pleasantly concluded this episode. Then general conversation held sway again until it was time for the company to disperse.

No separate withdrawal of the ladies occurred until that unwillingly ushered by Mrs. Merton for the resumption of hats and wrappers, when the front of the house and the trees on the descending path to the river's bank were seen to be picturesquely illuminated with Chinese lanterns. Soon the gentlemen joined them on the glowing veranda; whence, after due parting compliments to his hosts and the others, the Rajah and his two friends started to go down to the waterside between rows of obsequious native torch-bearers. In bidding good-night to Mrs. Effingham and her daughter, Doctor Hedland took occasion to remark, confidentially and significantly:

"I can report to our young patient at 'the Grove,' ladies, that I have never known how to appreciate your country justly until to-night. Miss Effingham, you have good reason to be proud of your father, as I see that you are. Madame, your husband is the most genuine aristocrat I have ever met. Your servant, Miss Ankeroo; and, ladies, good-night."

With this partly enigmatical speech he turned sharply away to follow to the Rajah's boat; leaving mother and daughter confused to decide whether such an angular mortal could really pay an earnest compliment, or had been true to his average sardonic vein to the last.

It took not long for the remaining family-prahus to receive them and the other departing guests; and the rowers at either end pushed off into their fitfully gleaming, plashing homeward way, to the cheery farewells of the hospitable Mertons.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## AUNT BETHIA.

BY BELLE C. GREENE.

It may be that our old-fashioned aunt needs no introduction. Perhaps you have met her in the city at some recent art exhibition, or picture sale, where she sat among the crowd, a little bewildered, but sufficiently alert, listening to the glib chatter of the critics as they discussed the merits of some thousand-dollar landscape.

The same being, as she declared to the friend accompanying her, "only a picter of what anybody can see for nothin' up to Craney Holler," where she lives. "Why," said she, regarding the great work of art with one eye severely shut up, "jest go to our back door of a summer morning and stand and look, and there you have it, for all the world!"

"The same smooth, green medders, with the pretty brooks windin' through 'em, and on both sides, to the right and left, the pastur' lands where the cattle are fed, so peaceful and contented; then, way off in the distance, them sollem-lookin' mountains, with the shadders creepin' round 'em, or restin' on their tops; and all the time the sun shines bright and pleasant down below in the valley."

"I do declare, I could a'most believe the man stood in our back door when he painted that picter!"

"It is a han'some view and no mistake; but don't it seem a pity to spend so much money jest for a picter, when you could buy a small farm—a *live* picter, as it were—for a thousand dollars!"

She sees much in our city to disapprove. Most of the so-called modern improvements are abominations to Aunt Bethia.

The electric light finds no favor in her eyes.

"How must our Maker look on 't?" she asks, indignantly.

"It wouldn't be so bad if they only used it as they do gas, or kerosene ile; but when they come to light up all out-doors with it, and make it take the place o' the heavenly bodies—that's what I call *impious*! nothin' more nor less than tryin' to outdo the Creator!"

"When the moon and stars don't shine, let folks walk in the dark, or else carry a lantern!" says she, whimsically.

The telephone she regards as an infernal machine, and insists that there is something supernatural about it. She has never been prevailed upon to use it once.

"I won't have anything to do with it in any way nor shape!" says she. "Jest as if any *human* invention could do what *that* thing does!"

So she always keeps a safe distance from it, as if it were liable to "go off" at any moment or play some diabolical trick upon her.

She does not approve of the "Quincy Method" in our schools, and much prefers to have the children learn their lessons from their books and recite them standing in a nice straight line, with their toes to a crack in the

floor. She would like more prominence given to order and to the Ten Commandments; and she sadly misses the dinner-baskets and the water-pail and tin dipper.

She does not like the new version of the Scriptures; her mother's Bible is good enough for her; and she takes no interest in the great controversy, except to mourn that there should be such wicked and disorderly goings on in the world.

She went to see the opera of "Patience," and her womanly soul was shocked beyond repair at the conduct of the lovesick maidens; she felt personally humiliated and disgraced, and sat there with burning cheeks, not daring to go, and too indignant to stay and see it through.

Words were thrown away upon her. "All the words in the English language," she declared to us, "couldn't excuse or explain away such a shameful exhibition—such immodest behavior on the part of them young girls. The trollopes!" said she, angrily, "where in the world were their mothers? Poor things, though," she added, as an afterthought, "perhaps they hadn't any mothers; I can't believe they had."

Estheticism and the Renaissance, as she understands them, are only delusions of the adversary, invented to ruin weak and idle souls who loiter in the by-paths of life, and she believes the only salvation for such is to go to work.

"Let 'em do something *practical*," she will say. "If they're so mazin' fond o' sunflowers let 'em go to raisin' 'em by the cart-load! They're excellent chicken fodder, as everybody knows. I did see a whole acre on 'em once all growin' together; they was in full blow, and looked cur'us enough with their big round faces turned toward the sun. Oscar Wilde says, you know, that they resemble a lion; and they do look about as wise and knowin'."

"There's nothin' like work for keepin' girls out o' mischief," she is fond of saying.

"When our girls leave school let 'em take right hold and help their mothers with the housework and the plain sewin' and takin' care of the baby, and then they won't be hankerin' to paint old pots and jars or to embroider sage-green curtains and table-cloths. Though why that color is called *sage-green* I can't imagine; it certainly ain't the color of any sage that ever grew in my garden; and it's unaccountable to me that so many folks nowadays prefer such dirty, faded-out colors that you can't look at without feelin' sick and faint, when there's plenty of pretty bright ones that will *wash and bile*, as it were."

Aunt Bethia is a born nurse, and as such is recommended by the "Holler" folks with as much enthusiasm as their own favorite spring bitters or cough remedy.

She is indeed "excellent in case o' sickness," and she comes at such times like a veritable angel of mercy, bringing with her her soft voice and gentle, soothing ways, not forgetting the noiseless slippers and the white apron.

Aunt Bethia is, I suppose, an old maid; but there is no bitter blight of disappointment upon her life.

She has never loved, and her unwon heart is still fresh with the dew of youth. Though her lovely hair is just beginning to be threaded with gray, she knows not the feeling of growing old, neither do the passing years bring any definite sense of want to her peaceful, sunny nature, except, perhaps, sometimes a dreamy feeling of incompleteness, like the faintest shadow only of a pain.

Her city nieces tell her often, with many a hug and

caress, that her face is the sweetest and dearest in all the world, that she looks "quite too utterly" quaint and lovely in her lace and muslin kerchiefs and her pretty white aprons; and she always answers deprecatingly:

"But, oh, my dears, I am so old-fashioned!"

Nevertheless, when she is alone she looks in the glass and blushes warmly, half inclined to believe their sweet words, and wholly glad that she is not yet growing homely, though she feels a little guilty too, as if she ought to do so. Then she turns away and sighs softly; she knows not why.

Now fate had ordained that when Aunt Bethia came to visit in our family we should be entertaining, as an honored guest, our Uncle Jeremiah Barker, or "Uncle Jerry," as we children familiarly called him, though he was only a distant relative on my father's side.

He had been knocking about for the last fifteen years or so in Australia, and having amassed a considerable fortune, returned now to his native city, with the hope of ending his days among his kindred.

He was unmarried; and hidden secretly away in his rugged bachelor heart was the long cherished dream of a wife and fireside of his own.

But after spending the best part of his life in rough toil, separated from all society of women—or in fact, society of any sort—he found himself now laboring under great disadvantages.

The girls that he knew and played with when he was a boy had grown so far away from him in many directions that he felt he had no part or lot with them, and so, slowly and sadly, the hope of years began to fade away.

It was just here that dear, old-fashioned Aunt Bethia came into his life; and from the first moment of their meeting Uncle Jerry appropriated her in his heart of hearts, as the one woman specially provided for him, and straightway elected her to preside over that ideal future he had dreamed of.

In short, for the first time in his life he found himself passionately in love, and as men of his years are apt to do in such case, he resolved to make "short work" of his wooing.

Accordingly he spent one week in watching her every word and action and in studying her face from under his shaggy eyebrows, while he pretended to read his newspaper.

Another week he devoted to following her about and waiting upon her with such alarming assiduity, that the little woman began to wonder and to tremble at she knew not what.

Finally, he grew impatient to know his fate.

"What is the use of beating about the bush?" he said to himself, in his blunt fashion; "if she don't fancy me now she never will, and I may as well know it."

So he came in upon her one afternoon as she sat knitting by the window, and, nerving himself for a decisive effort, he thus addressed her:

"Bethia, I hain't known you long, to be sure, but I feel better acquainted with you to-day than I should with any other woman in a year's time. Things have changed 'mazingly in the fifteen years that I've been away from home, and the women most of all. I find I don't know 'em."

"The girls that I used to study out of the same books with at school, I hear talking now about 'culture,' and 'art,' and 'affinities,' and so on and so forth—all Greek to me. I left 'em doin' housework and knittin' stockin's, and now I find 'em playin' on the



pianner, and ravin' over picters and statoos—things I don't know nothin' about—and what's more, I don't want to!

"The only statoos that I ever liked the looks on at all, is the Injun girls standin' outside of the tobacker shops.

"And as for music—why, Bethia, I'd ruther hear you sing old Naomi, the way you did last Sunday night, than all their rattle and clatter.

"I did use to think, when I was out in Australy, that when I come home I'd git married and try to settle down, but I don't s'pose any of these new-fashioned, highfalutin' women would have me with all my money; and," says he, ungallantly, "by George! I don't know as I want them."

Aunt Bethia looked mildly shocked.

"You see," he continued, apologetically, "we couldn't take much comfort together 'less we felt somewhere nigh alike about things, now could we?"

"Why no," said Aunt Bethia, candidly, looking up at him in a meditative way; "I don't s'pose you could."

"And I should hate to see my money fooled away on trash that I don't care a *continental* for, though I know women are master hands to spend money, and I mean my wife shall have a plenty, too."

"I don't think all women are extravagant, I'm sure," said Aunt Bethia, with some show of spirit. "I know I ain't, unless," she added, deprecatingly, "perhaps I am in the matter of white aprons. Mother always said so, and I *do* like plenty of clean aprons—say one every afternoon."

"My wife shall have a clean one for every hour in the day, if she wants!" roared Uncle Jerry, with enthusiasm.

"And, now I think of it, by George, if I don't believe a white apron dresses up a woman more than the *big Kooh-i-noor* could!

"And I shouldn't wonder, after all, if them white aprons had somethin' to do with your lookin' so different from other women—so kinder good and old-fashioned, you know."

Aunt Bethia blushed and laughed.

"They call me the 'old-fashioned woman,'" she said, simply.

"And I am an old-fashioned man," he said, significantly.

Then he looked at her and met the startled glance of her soft eyes.

"Maybe it occurs to you, as it does to me, that there's somethin' peculiarly interestin' in the fact that I am an old-fashioned man, and you are an old-fashioned woman—coincidence, ain't it now?"

"Dear me," murmured Aunt Bethia, dropping a dozen stitches in her confusion; "why, no, I hadn't thought on't."

He took her hands with gentle force, knitting-work and all, and bent over her.

"Think on't now, then, won't you?" said he. "Come, Bethia, be my wife, and we will show the world what a happy couple an old-fashioned man and woman can be!"

She looked up into the honest, kindly face, glowing down upon her, and it reassured her. The grasp of his hands so firm yet so loving, compelled her, and with a thrill, sweet as strange, she opened her heart at once and welcomed in his love as the bird does its mate to the nest.

She dropped her head in confusion, and foolishly, just for the sake of saying something, faltered:

"I know I *am* old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned! So is a daisy! so is a robin red-breast—and so, by George, am I!" And plucking up courage, Uncle Jerry took her face in his hands and kissed her on both cheeks, and lastly, on her lips.

## THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

### CHAPTER XXI.

SYBIL worked steadily till her mother called her softly to supper. Her father had fallen asleep, and now, as they sat down at the table, Mrs. Waite said:

"Mrs. Hinchman was here a long while this afternoon, and it tired your father. She always did worry him, but she looks worried and upset, herself."

Sybil flushed painfully, but made no answer, and soon began talking of other things—the stranger who had come, and the order which had excited her more than anything that had yet happened. Her mother smiled and looked pleased as Sybil repeated Miss Dunbar's remark as to her ability to do the panels properly.

"That is just what your father would say," she said. "He would not want you to take anything you had not earned, but he would feel that you could earn it. What a blessing she has been to us. You will make our fortunes after all, Sybil."

"I wish I might," Sybil answered, patting her mother's cheek as she passed her in clearing the table, and finally going out to lock the shop-door. She

started as a dark figure rose from the bench and came forward.

"I knew you'd come here most likely," Abel Hinchman's voice said, "an' I was bound to get speech of you once more, with nobody lookin' on nor listenin'. Don't you run. It's only decent fairness for you to hear what I've got to say, an' to give me a fair answer."

Abel had placed himself between Sybil and the door, as he spoke, and barred the way as she tried to pass him.

"Look here Sybil," he said, "I know I was too sudden the day I asked you, an' I know Miss Dunbar says there ain't no use, but I'm bound to have another try. I ain't so set up with myself as I sounded, an' I'm dogsure I ain't fit to marry you one way. But I love you better than maybe a better man could. It just breaks me down to think o' not gettin' you, after all. Seems to me I'm forty years older'n I was the day I asked you. An' I can't see why somehow it's all so different all to onct. We've always been good friends, an' growin' up alongside an' all ought to make it easy. Now, Sybil, you know I've got a little money o' my own, an' I'm of age next week. Suppose I go off some-



wheres where folks don't know me an' can't talk, an' just try an' catch up with you. There's an academy down in Milford, an' I'd agree to go a year an' study with the best of 'em. Then your folks wouldn't mind, an' mother would hush when she saw I was determined. She's hushed now," he added, as he saw a sudden movement on Sybil's part. "She's kind o' comin' round. Her bark's worse 'n her bite any day. Oh, Sybil, do say you 'll give me a chance!"

"I can't, Abel," Sybil said, desperately. A dozen feelings were mingled in her mind. Abel's face was pale. He was intensely in earnest, and his earnestness gave dignity and even a pathos, which Sybil felt and which moved her to pity, to sympathy—to anything save the one impossible thing he asked.

"Tell me why," he said, "I'm bound to get at the whole. There ain't any one else? I know there ain't, for hain't I seen you every day since you was five year old? Supposin' you can't feel to say yes now. That ain't strange, maybe, but why won't you agree to think about it, an' give me a chance a year from now? Well—two years, if one seems too quick," he added, as he watched the expression of Sybil's face. "I don't mean to pester you in between, but I do say you ought to answer me fair an' square.

"I have," Sybil said resolutely, though her eyes were full of tears. "You must understand, Abel, I don't care about you that way, and I never could. If there were nobody else in the whole world, it would be just the same. I wish you would go away, for then you would meet somebody else a great deal more fit, and you'd forget your fancy. But I never can say anything different, and I wish you'd promise me never to talk about it again. We'll be good friends. I'll never be anything else, because you've always been good to me."

Abel stood silent for a moment, looking at her steadily. Then he turned and walked down the hill, and Sybil, who sprang forward, longing to say something comforting, retreated, as she saw the stranger who had asked the way to Miss Dunbar's, and whose keen eyes rested on her a moment as he passed by the little house, taking in much more than she imagined, and half smiling, half sighing to himself over the village tragedy which he divined to be going on. Sybil's heart was sore. To hurt any one was no part of her life, and she longed to atone as if she were responsible for the wrong against which Abel protested. She never could have listened to him in any case, but listening would have been more possible three months before than it ever could be again. She was the same, yet not the same; poor as ever, shabby and hampered in many ways, but each day proving itself a little better than the last, and a sense of power over circumstances growing in her hour by hour. Her mother came out presently, and found her sitting on the old bench, and looking off to the western sky fading from sunset into the gray of twilight. She had heard Abel's voice and had seen him walk away, and the truth was very evident; but she made no comment. Sybil sprang up as she met her anxious look.

"Is father awake?" she said. "If he is I will sit by him a little while and then go to bed. I am very tired to-night. You must be, too, poor mother. Sit down and rest awhile."

The two went in together, and Sybil, who found her father looking expectantly toward the door, sat by him and talked. Whether he understood all could not be told, but his eyes indicated that he followed much of it, and as Sybil finally sang softly some of the old songs he

had taught her, his face grew peaceful, and soon he fell asleep again. Sybil kissed him and then her mother with the passionate affection, part of her deepest nature, but seldom suspected by most of those who knew her, and then stole up the stairs to her own little room, where the sleep which she thought would be impossible came quickly and with healing.

"Your father ain't come yet," Miss Tryphena remarked, as Molly Cushing, who had overslept, came down the next morning. "He was called up to the Widder Hinchman's about five, an' he's there yet. I mistrusted it was Prescott Waite goin' off, but it 's jest the widder's high-strikes. Long 's Ebenezer lived she managed him with 'em, an' I suppose she's been tryin' 'em on Abel. There's the buggy now."

Dr. Cushing came in with a preoccupied face, and sat down hastily at table.

"Tisn't anything serious, is it, father?" Molly asked, when she had poured his coffee.

The doctor sighed and then laughed.

"It 's a mixture, like everything else," he said, "and Sybil Waite appears to be the ingredient that won't mix. The widow is in genuine hysterics this time, and with very good reason. It seems Sybil refused Abel last night, positively and finally. Abel marched home and told his mother she was at the bottom of it, and that if she had treated Sybil differently he might have been happy. She grew angry, and spoke her mind, and the end of it is, Abel packed a valise and started for Texas and his cousin Jubal's cattle ranch at four this morning. The widow is used to running the farm, so she can get on, far as that is concerned; but I couldn't help but be sorry for her, for he is her only child. She's behaved like a fool, and Sybil has shown solid good sense. It would have been a curious piece of work if Abel had really persuaded her."

"I'm glad one girl has had sense enough not to marry for a home," said Miss Tryphena energetically. "I've watched too many women, never darin' to peep, an' toilin' an' slavin' day an' night for men that wouldn't let 'em have even the egg-money. There's my own sister Almiry, an' Jacob sets consid'able by her, too; always dretful upshot if she 's sick, and scared for fear she 'll die, but he 'll take every pound o' butter an' every solitary egg, an' if she happens to touch the money, s'posin' he 's laid it down, he sings out, 'Look a-here, Almiry Skinner, that's money!' An' Almiry drops it like hot shot. Whose is it but her'n, an' she without a cent in her pocket to call her own? I won't say Abel would a-done that way, but he 's mother all over, an' it 's mor 'n likely Sybil would a-kep' on earnin' an' paid it right over to him. The widder ain't dangerous, is she?"

The doctor shook his head.

"I hadn't realized Sybil was old enough to stir up such a performance," he said. "The widow was alone in the house, and so I went up to the Waites and asked Sybil to come down. I saw her at her window and just called to her, and I suppose she did not want to wake her mother. Anyway, down she came, and the widow, after one look at her, first shrieked and then spoke her full mind. Sybil stood there, because she thought she was needed, and faced the guns like a soldier, but she grew pale and then red, and at last I said, 'Go along, child, till this idiot comes to her senses,' and she was off like a shot. It 's a mess, but I felt proud of the girl and the steady way she faced it. She 's a good girl. I wonder what Miss Dunbar will say to it all."

"She will be very glad of it, I am sure," Molly said, positively. "Dorothy is as fond of Sybil as if she had

always known her. I'm sure I don't know exactly what can happen, but it feels all the time as if a change were coming. But I hope this won't spread all over the village."

"It will, my dear," Dr. Cushing answered, rising and brushing away the crumbs. "Harding came up there for some chickens, and she had revived enough to go into details at once. By noon, or, at any rate, by nine o'clock to-night, every soul in town will know that Abel has gone and why he has gone. On the whole, it won't hurt Sybil. People like excitement, and she will be more interesting than ever."

"That's a very unpleasant view to take of it," Molly said. "I don't want her to be at the mercy of every tongue in town. She sha'n't be, if I can help it."

Miss Tryphena nodded wisely.

"You jest keep quiet," she said. "Folks are bound to talk, an' you'd better not think you can head 'em off. Your father knows what he's talkin' about. 'Twon't hurt her."

Molly looked skeptical, and as soon as she could went over to Miss Dunbar's, a little disconcerted to find a stranger there, as, like the rest, she had supposed that he was not to appear till night. But there was something about him which made him a friend at once, and in a few moments they were all talking over things as if he had known all his life every one of the people involved.

"I know your news," Miss Dunbar said. "I only wish that everybody else might not know it, too. If it were right for Sybil to leave her father, I should take her to Boston at once. I do so want her to begin real study. I have been telling Mr. Evarts the whole story, Molly."

"Do you know," Molly said, "I almost don't want her to turn into an artist—a wood-carver—for I suppose it is right to call them artists? I think, just on general principles, that it would have seemed best for her to go on doing her light carpentering and showing what practical and possible work it is for a girl. As it is now, she graduates from that into an artist, and there is nobody to take her place. It's good for her, but bad for the theory."

"I am not so sure but that her mantle can be laid on a successor, less interesting, but, perhaps, as practical," said Miss Dunbar. "You know that since the little sewing-class began to meet here I have gone back and forth a good deal to the Dunning house. Adèle Dunning is fifteen; very like Antoine, and with energy enough for three. Yesterday I found her mending a little wagon they use to draw wood in, and doing it as neatly as if she had been taught, though she had only her knife and an old hatchet. Her mother held up her hands as she saw me coming. 'Ah, ciel!' she said. 'And how shall I make her to stop, when she say always, "there is that Sybil that works, so why not I?"

I say a woman and more, une fille, may not do so; but she is bad; she will have her way."

"It seems a very good way," I said. "If I had daughters, and they were bright enough to learn, I certainly would teach them every one to use their hands."

"It is not possible," Mrs. Dunning said, a little impressed, but still ready to argue. "For you it is well. You may do as you will. But for us, une jeune fille must not be bold and learn men's ways. They are not for us."

"I smiled, for she brings and cuts all the wood, and so long as the father was alive, supported him. But I propose now, if she will consent and if Sybil is willing to take an apprentice, to have Adèle go up there and help in various ways. Mrs. Dunning is so grateful that I think I may succeed after judicious coaxing."

"What a capital idea," Molly said, eagerly, "and how you do think of things! It never would have entered my head that a Kanuck could be turned into anything worth while."

"I think there is an unreasonable prejudice against them," said Miss Dunbar. "I admit that they are often thieves, and too fond of keeping holidays, but they work hard many of them, and are warm-hearted and grateful for the least kindness."

"I'm afraid we've never done kindnesses enough to find out how they take it," Molly said, penitently. "People dislike them, and it is Yankee fashion, you know, to keep out of the way of what one dislikes."

"That is not peculiar to Yankees," Mr. Evarts said. "It's the tendency with all of us till reminded by some one who has grown beyond it, or perhaps never had it, and then we open our eyes and find that human nature is much the same everywhere. That has a stale sound, but never mind. How many other enterprises have you under way, Elizabeth?"

"More than we can compass at present," Miss Dunbar said. "I think you will see, yourself, very soon, what one or two of them should be."

Molly had looked up suddenly as Mr. Evarts spoke. She knew that they were old friends, and had been told, too, that Mr. Evarts was interested in Helen Raymond, but something in his tone struck her, and as she raised her eyes she saw an expression, gone in one instant, but with a meaning that was unmistakable. Molly said good-by hastily and hurried home. She wanted to think things over, she said, wondering how she had kept her presence of mind, and hoping that no sign of embarrassment was in her face. Her flush could easily be accounted for by the heat, and Miss Dunbar's eyes met hers so serenely that she knew there was no suspicion there.

"This is the most amazing thing of all," Molly said, as she ran up to her own room. "Now, Miss Cushing, not a word or a sign, but just wait and see what everything means."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

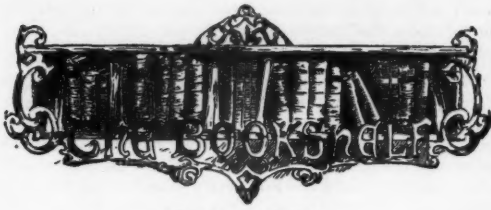
## YES OR NO.

THERE'S many a lad has faced the flash  
Of rifles leveled o'er the glaciés,  
With less, far less, of shrinking fear  
Than when he asked a gentle lassie—

Asked her, and caught his halting breath,  
And strove to still his pulse's beating,  
The while she waited to say "Yes,"

"Please, may I see you home from meeting?"

B. T. SIENNA.



## Children's Books.

ILLUSTRATION is so marked a feature of the holiday books for children, that it seems quite legitimate to enroll on the list the beautiful "Une Journée d'Enfant," with the imprint of J. W. Bouton, though it is rather for the parent than the child. But the spirit of child-life has been so truly caught, and is embodied in such tender and sportive lines, as to make the volume one most specially adapted to this season ruled by children. The plates are twenty in number and explain themselves, no descriptive text accompanying them, and all are of such even excellence and so charming in design as to be sure of favor, not only for Christmas, but for all seasons. (\$6.00.) Coming to books more distinctively for children, Mrs. Dodge's "Donald and Dorothy," though for the older boys and girls, takes the lead among those of genuine literary merit. The readers of *St. Nicholas* have followed it with delighted interest in its course as a serial, and every grace of illustration and make-up are united in the beautiful volume in which it now appears. It is below Mrs. Dodge's work in "Hans Brinker," but still possesses many of the same qualities—simplicity and purity of style, much humor and very thorough knowledge of child character. (Square 12mo, pp. 355; \$2.00. Roberts Brothers, Boston.) Mr. J. T. Trowbridge's "Phil and his Friends" has also run its course as a serial in that old favorite, *The Youth's Companion*, and deserves the more permanent form it has received. Phil's troubles come from a drunken father and many complications in his short experience as a "bound boy," the most objectionable being the episode with Sally Bass. As a whole, however, the story has some of Mr. Trowbridge's best qualities. It is manly, true to nature and well told, and can do nothing but good to its readers. (16mo, pp. 235; \$1.25. Lee & Shepard, Boston.)

For the children who aspire to private theatricals, nothing better can be found than Mrs. Kate Freiligrath-Kroeker's adaptation of "Alice Through the Looking-Glass, and other Fairy Plays for Children." "Alice" is by far the best of the four given, and is full of the delightful absurdity which takes every reader captive. (16mo, pp. 202; \$1.25.) Mrs. Thelia Thaxter's "Poems for Children" are all familiar ones, but filled with the charm which is found in all her graceful verse, the illustrations being here and there below the usual standard of work from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (8vo, pp. 153; \$1.50.)

OUR old friend, Miss Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant," may perhaps fail to find recognition under the title of "Classic Tales," by Maria Edgeworth, but the familiar favorites are all there. A biographical sketch has been added by Mrs. Grace A. Oliver, whose charming "Study of Maria Edgeworth" has made her an authority in this direction, and a better gift-book for a child can hardly be found, the stories, even in the light of all that is now doing for children, retaining the place they earned by their simplicity and charm, more than a generation ago. (16mo, pp. 332, \$1.00.) Roberts Brothers issue also in the same series

"Classic Heroic Ballads," selected by the editors of "Quiet Hours," this fact alone being a guarantee of the nice discrimination and delicate taste which characterized the pretty volume. This series is designed to present in cheap but attractive form old favorites which deserve permanent place on the children's bookshelf, and already includes, in addition to those mentioned, "The Vicar of Wakefield" and Voltaire's "History of Charles XII, King of Sweden." A volume of "Firelight Stories," by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, is lighter reading than the above, and will be found simple, sweet and brightly told child-life. (16mo, pp. 232, \$1.00.)

MRS. LIZZIE W. CHAMPNEY takes her charming "Vassar Girls" of last year to England, the volume being well illustrated by "Champ," and other artists (pp. 238, \$1.75), and Estes and Lauriat give us also, another of Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's pleasant "Zig Zag Journeys," this time, in "Northern Lands" with capital illustrations, the journey being from the Rhine to the Arctic. (Pp. 320, \$1.75.) "The Knockabout Club" of Mr. C. A. Stephens find themselves in "The Tropics," this year, some two hundred and fifty cuts of varying degrees of merit making the book as attractive as the other numbers of the series have proved. (Pp. 240, \$1.75.)

"THE BOYS AND GIRLS' PLUTARCH" is a handsome quarto with forty-five illustrations, edited by Dr. John S. White, the head master of Berkely school, and intended to serve as an introduction to the more formal work. It is simply written, and if there must be an intermediate step between the child and first-hand knowledge of one of the most inspiring authors of any time, nothing better could be desired. (Pp. 468, \$3.00; G. P. Putnam's Sons.) Boys will delight in another book by Edward Greey, whose "Young Americans in Japan" proved so popular. Lee & Shepard have made "The Bear Worshippers of Yezo and the Island of Karafuto, being the further Adventures of the Jewett Family and their Friend Oto Nambo," quite as attractive in appearance, and the facts are all as carefully selected as in the earlier books, one hundred and eight illustrations, adding to the fascinating character of the contents. (Pp. 304, boards \$1.75, cloth \$2.50.) Of much the same order is "Our Boys in China," which is also a continuation of a last year's book, "Our Boys in India," in which Mr. Harry W. French told a slightly sensational, but on the whole, very pleasant story. (Pp. 424, \$1.75.) The "Boat Builder Series," by Oliver Optic, receives an addition in "Snug Harbor; or, the Champlain Mechanics" (16mo, pp. 334, \$1.25); and for young children Sophie May adds another of her delightful little stories in the "Flaxie Frizzle Series"—"Kittylen." Kittylen is of less importance than Flaxie, who, under various small trials, improves more and more, a peculiarly sweet and healthful atmosphere filling the little book. (18mo, pp. 207, 75 cents.)

FROM George Routledge & Sons comes a bulky package containing ample filling for at least one shelf in the children's book-case. For the older ones "Every Boy's Annual" and "Every Girl's Annual" will be found filled with entertaining and instructive reading, profusely illustrated, and, while English in tone, not too strongly so for enjoyment. (8vo, \$2.50 each.)

READERS of Miss Frances Peard's charming "Rose Garden" will find equal pleasure in a book for older girls, "The Asheldon Schoolroom," a very gentle yet vividly told story of boy-and-girl life, in which the really



careful analysis and presentation of character is never allowed to interfere with the action or obtrude itself in slightest degree. It is as fine in tone as "Castle Blair" or "Hector," and deserves a wide circle of readers. (Pp. 314, \$1.25.) "The Old House in the Square" is good also, but more morbid in tone, and here and there not quite true to life. But it is far above the average fiction for girls, and well worth selection as a holiday token. (12mo, pp. 320, \$1.25.) For older girls and boys, two books on old English traditions are full of value. The gaudy cover of "Robin Hood" prejudices one at once, but the name of the author, Mr. Joseph Ritson, known as the most accomplished authority on this topic, carries weight enough to make the cheap form of the book a less troublesome point. It contains a life of the outlaw, with all the poems, songs and ballads upon him, and profuse and elaborate notes, a mine of information on every point where question could occur. (12mo, pp. 444, \$1.25.) "King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table," by Henry Frith, forms an excellent introduction to the reading of Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," and will be an inspiration also to the study of early English history. (Pp. 408, \$1.25.) For lovers of fairy tales is a volume of Edouard Laboulaye's charming work, "Old Wives' Fables," with over two hundred illustrations. (Pp. 396, \$1.25.) Randolph Caldecott, whose illustrations are now both well known and popular in this country, is represented by "The Milkmaid," an extravaganza in drawing, the animal life especially being most characteristic, and the whole fairly bubbling over with fun. (Oblong 4to, \$2.50.)

Many attractive books of which no mention can be made here, will have space in the next number of THE CONTINENT.

ROBERTS BROS. will soon bring out the "Autobiography of Dr. Orville Dewy, edited by his daughter, and containing an excellent portrait.

TROLLOPE's Autobiography has found even wider sale in this country than in England, and is one of the most entertaining the year has afforded.

MISS KATE GREENAWAY has illustrated the last number of Mr. Ruskin's *Flora Clavigera*, which appears under the title of "Dust of Gold."

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD's "Roman Singer" is thus far the most charming of his novels, gaining in interest with every number. The author will spend the winter in Boston.

THE new periodical, *Shaksperiana*, has appeared, and is filled with admirable material, including dramatic criticisms, reviews of Shakspearian publications, a department of notes and queries, one of correspondence and another of transactions of Shakspearian societies. The first number has an attractive paper by J. P. Norris on the Stratford bust.

*The Christian Union* gives tokens of the added forces which will work with it hereafter, but was already so strong in good work as to hardly need any reinforcement. Mr. H. W. Mabie has long identified himself with it, and whether as critic, or in work for its younger readers, shows a power which, though often modestly hidden under initials, is one of the vital elements in this old and always welcome favorite among the weeklies.

THE admirable little cooking-manuals of Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, whose work in the Chicago School of Cookery has been of a very high order, differ from the ordinary cook-book in that each one is devoted to a single subject. The present number, "Salad and Salad Making," follows an exhaustive one upon "Bread," and both cover the ground so thoroughly that the most helpless young matron can

hardly fail to attain success, provided she follows strictly the formulas laid down. (Boards, pp. 40; 25 cts. each; Fairbanks, Palmer & Co., Chicago and New York.)

"THE Story of a Country Town," by E. W. Howe, is announced to be the evening work of a tired country editor. There is so much real power of both observation and description in the book that it is unfortunate that the writer did not give some less weary hours to its revision. As it stands, it is almost hopelessly dreary—the story of forlorn and hopeless lives, given in fullest detail, with hardly a gleam of brightness in the pages. But much of it is so true to nature and so forcibly put, that there is strong reason for the faith that something better and less hopeless may be looked for from the author. (12mo, pp. 226; Howe & Co., Atchison, Kansas.)

THE CONTINENT does not mean to recommend the "American Girl's Home-Book of Work and Play," by Helen Campbell, only to the daughters, but still more strongly to the mothers. It is simply necessary for a girl to see it for her to understand its value to her, but to the mother it is an unfailing answer to that tireless question, "What can I do?" Do? Why, here are hundreds of things to be done. Does the girl want to play? Here are no end of games. Has she a passion for paper furniture, for boats, for writing newspapers, or keeping store; does she mean to have a party, and so has to provide amusements, charades, or acting ballads? Here they all are. If she plays tennis, here are the rules; here directions for the archer, the swimmer, the oarswoman. She can get hints for her collection, and learn how to preserve and mount her specimens. The book instructs the walking party, and the doll's dressmaker. It tells the girls how to preserve leaves, and what to do with leather; how to make wax flowers; how to carve wood; how to raise small fruits, and then how to preserve them; how to keep chickens, bees, and canary birds; how to make silk-culture a profit as well as a pleasure, and tells much of drawing and designing; of cooking-schools, and gardening. There is no end to the resources of the book, and as it gives occupations and pleasures for both little girls and great girls, we heartily recommend it to the mother who needs it, and to the girl who will enjoy it. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, small quarto. 417 pp.; \$2.00.)

THERE is not the slightest attempt at brilliant writing in Mr. Theodore Ayrault Dodge's handsome volume, "A Bird's-Eye View of the Civil War," but as a specimen of clear, compact statement, we have nothing quite like it, and it is likely to take its place on reference shelves as the best condensed presentation of the Civil War. The book was written for his son, and thus, presumably, for young people, but it shows no marked trace of such intention, and requires intelligent and even mature judgment for its full understanding. The book is really a series of outline pictures with the clearest and tersest of descriptions, the one word which best characterizes the book being "clear." In the preface addressed to his son, the author writes: "To know this subject well requires the diligent study of many volumes. I have tried to give you a good, general idea in one. . . . My aim has been to give the layman a clear idea of the war as a military whole, paying no heed to individual heroism, nor dwelling on the war as a spectacle." There is a quiet and temperate chapter on the origin of the war, and an animated review of the different operations. The author ranks Generals Lee and Thomas as men of representative greatness on either side, considering Thomas far above Grant as a soldier. The latter he censures severely for many blunders, though he does him full justice at other points. Halleck, too, is blamed, and his summaries of character are all well worth reading, being essentially just and dispassionate. (1 vol. 8vo, pp. 346, \$2.50; James R. Osgood & Co.)